THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEATH AND LIFE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNIE SEARS FISKE.

North winds blew loud, and soared around the chimneys,
And rattled at the pane—
"The spring is dead—poor heart! the warm green spring-time!
It cannot live again."

Gray mists were on the hills; the clouds were frozen;
The snow was drifted high;
The sun was dead; the sullen feet of winter
Walked through the troubled sky.

* * * * * *

The wild birds swing upon the boughs; the south wind
Blows warm across my hair.
The green earth smiles and smiles. I think, oh, Heaven!
Life never was so fair.

But see, a white sheet stretched straightly over
A something freed from pain.
'Twas that, poor heart! was doomed to die; not spring-time,
The spring *doth* live again.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCOEUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

In the household of Green Oake sleep reigned supreme. The owner of the wonderful umbrella chronicled in fairy lore made his way from chamber to chamber and held it over the head of each sleeper in turn, and to each sleeper came dreams in consequence.

Mr. Withers went back to early days and the multiplication table. He multiplied five by ten, and then proved the sum to himself by arranging golden sovereigns in separate heaps and counting them carefully over. And as he counted them they melted all at once into a lump, and the lump changed into a long thread that shot far away like a slender serpent, and he followed its windings till he found himself up in north at the bar of "The Sailor and Mermaid," and there in his dreams he rested.

Mr. Carmichael was by no means so comfortable whilst the umbrella overshadowed him. He started and was uneasy, for in the distance he saw James Withers and Mr. Chester walking arm in arm, and Mr. Lynn rapidly overtaking them. He gave a plunge, and knocking the enchanted umbrella off the bed, awoke in the darkness.

Then the umbrella owner vanished, and lo! Doris was sobbing in her sleep over the Lynn children, who lay bruised and wounded at her feet, whilst an angel stood sorrowfully gazing at her, saying in the low, sweet tone she well remembered, "How could you harm them?" And then her dream was over, and Joyce's began, but it was so confused that she could make nothing of it. There were plenty of pictures painted on the umbrella, but something had blurred them and she could make out nothing clearly, so knew not whether they would serve to illustrate her story or not. The only one that stood out at all distinctly was one of Doris and Mr. Chester working at a large painting together. And as she watched, a beautiful landscape seemed to grow beneath their fingers, with majestic forest trees in the foreground, whilst across the blue lake the sun, descending in golden glory behind the distant hills, threw a pathway of light. And it seemed a vision to her of the life before those two, and she knew that *this* was an illustration of the tale she was weaving. No wonder she could see nothing else; what did aught else matter to her?

The umbrella opened no future to Mr. Chester, it only showed him the past, and he was once again receiving the packet from Mrs. Carmichael, who, with tears in her eyes, besought him to take care of Doris if ever she needed it. And somehow Mrs. Carmichael changed into Joyce Dormer, though why Joyce Dormer should give him a packet he could not make out, and he became bewildered, and a great wheel went spinning round, showing a fresh face at every revolution: first it was Mr. Carmichael, then Mr. Withers, and then Joyce Dormer; and they all seemed trying to say something to him; only the wheel went round so fast that they had not time to speak, but he knew that what they wished to say had some connection with Joyce Dormer's story, of which he never could be the hero; so after all what had he to do with it?

And thus the night wore on and morning came, and the sleepers awoke, and rubbing their eyes, wondered whether they could have been dreaming, since everything had seemed so real.

Mr. Carmichael soon convinced himself of the fact that it was an impossibility for Mr. Withers, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Lynn to have been together during the night, and he resolved, if he could by any means prevent it, that they should not meet during the day. And he shook off the visions of the night and subsided into a calmer frame of mind.

Mr. Withers assured himself of the untransmuted state of the precious metal and the correctness of his little calculation, by opening the pocket-book that had been filled at Winstowe the day before.

But the others, not having anything especial to realize, could not wholly divest themselves of the phases of feeling through which they had passed; and so they descended to the breakfast room half shadowed still by the marvellous umbrella that had been so effective during the night-time.

Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Withers had been very early that morning, and had almost finished breakfast before the rest of the party appeared.

"My last morning," said Mr. Withers, "so I am making the most of it, you see."

The fifty sovereigns in his pocket-book had emboldened him to address Mr. Chester, although he did not feel quite at ease with him.

"Are you travelling far to-day?" inquired Mr. Chester.

"As far as I can go; I'm northward bound. You're on the wing, too, I hear?"

"Yes, but my path is southward."

"Over the seas, I suppose?"

"Not exactly, I'm only going to cross the Channel."

"Oh, ah! I see, going among the Frenchmen and the foreigners."

Why Mr. Withers separated Frenchman from foreigners perhaps even Mr. Withers himself could not have explained. But having done so, he paused, and then another thought striking him, he added,

"Southward with me means far enough away, over the seas to where Hugh and I spent many a day in the best years of our lives."

Aunt Lotty was horror-stricken. Mr. Withers had actually spoken of Mr. Carmichael as Hugh, in Mr. Chester's presence. What must Mr. Chester think of his being familiar with such a person?

Mr. Carmichael waxed uncomfortable also; but his feelings had no connection with those of Aunt Lotty.

And Mr. Chester, still under the shadow of the umbrella, saw the wheel going round with only Mr. Withers's face presenting itself, and he had a vague idea that Mr. Withers was going to reveal what there had not been time to tell him in the dream. Whereof he asked,—

"And where was that?"

"In Australia, to be sure," responded Mr. Withers, wholly unconscious of the stern glance Mr. Carmichael was directing towards him, and utterly unaware of a large slice of ham to which Mr. Carmichael was endeavoring to call his attention.

"Oh, thank you, yes, what?" said Mr. Withers, suddenly becoming alive to both facts. Then holding out his plate he received the ham in silence, and became absorbed in consuming it.

Mr. Chester pursued his questioning.

"Is it long since you were in Australia, Mr. Withers?"

But Mr. Carmichael gave him no time to reply. Assuming a careless tone, he answered for him,

"About five-and-twenty years, Withers, is it not?" and he looked fixedly at Mr. Withers.

"Five-and-twenty?—yes," assented Mr. Withers; "I think it must be about that."

"That was before your Australian days, Doris," said Mr. Chester, dreamily, helping himself to a piece of dry toast.

Mr. Withers put down his knife and fork and stared earnestly at Doris. He looked thoroughly perplexed.

"He evidently knows nothing about the fortune," thought Mr. Chester, and he went on with his toast.

Doris had caught Mr. Withers's look of perplexity.

"I was only in Australia a few months, Mr. Withers; I was quite a baby when I left, and so I don't remember anything at all about it."

But this explanation, instead of diminishing Mr. Withers's perplexity, served only to increase it.

"I did not know that Charles—" he began, looking at Mr. Carmichael.

But Mr. Carmichael interrupted him.

"Oh, I thought I had told you about that, Withers. Well, never mind it now, some other time."

Mr. Withers, thinking that silence and the fifty pounds in his pocket had possibly some connection (for how else could he interpret the significant nod that Mr. Carmichael bestowed upon him), made no reply. And Joyce felt satisfied that Mr. Carmichael had made no slip on the previous evening, and that Charles was the brother referred to.

Breakfast went on without further allusion to Australia, and Mr. Withers set to work and made a fresh meal as heartily as though he had eaten nothing before.

There were two things that gave Aunt Lotty great comfort; first, that Mr. Withers was going away at twelve o'clock, and therefore he had not very much longer to stay; secondly, that Mr. Chester had put off his departure until the following day; for Mr. Chester brought sunlight to poor Aunt Lotty, and she would like to bask in a little more warmth ere the winter set in.

She placidly watched him and Doris, and settled in her own mind what a charming couple they would make, and what a pleasant thing it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. There would be so much to do that she should have to give up her knitting for she could not tell how long, and so the knitting would last on indefinitely. Joyce would be one bridesmaid; but where to get others she did not know. Doris had no friends, but perhaps Mr. Chester might have a sister or a cousin, or some one he might like to ask; but then two bridesmaids were not enough in these days. She wished it could be as it was at her own marriage, when one was considered sufficient. And Doris's dress! If Doris came into this fortune she ought to have a very handsome one, perhaps white satin. But still she could not fancy Doris in white satin. And so she went rambling on, and she saw more pleasant pictures in her day-dreams than any of those who were still to a certain extent under the influence of the magic umbrella, had seen in the night.

Man may plan, but man can't always execute, and so Mr. Carmichael found it. He had triumphed at the breakfast-table, and prevented the communication between Mr. Chester and James Withers that had so much troubled him in his dreams. But he could not go on for ever with Fortune always on his side. Fortune, being a fickle dame, can never be reckoned upon even by her favorites. And Mr. Carmichael had enjoyed her patronage longer perhaps than he deserved.

Fortune in Mr. James Withers's estimation was at the present time veering round in his direction. His chancing to pass through Craythorpe, and there by accident hearing of his old friend, had turned out so very much to his advantage.

He could not help wondering, however, what had put it into Hugh's head to give him fifty pounds, for Hugh used to be pretty close with his money; "but it was a friendly thing to do, when he saw I wanted it, and I'm bound to him in consequence," soliloquised Mr. Withers, who had strayed from the garden into the road, and straying down the road, smoked his cigar and felt at peace with himself and the world in general.

So completely engrossed was he with his pleasurable cogitations, that he did not notice that some one was coming behind him, nor that some one was on a line with him, nor that some one had passed him, and had half-turned round, and then had quite turned round, and was standing looking at him.

The church-clock chimed the three-quarters—a quarter to twelve; he must be returning. His eyes had been bent on the ground, but he now raised them and saw a gentleman in mourning steadfastly regarding him. He saw more, he saw a face he had known over twenty years ago. It was a boyish face then, but the twenty odd years had only given it manliness, without interfering much with its boyish beauty, so that he easily recognised it at once.

And the face gazing so earnestly on the battered worn face of James Withers recognized therein the features of an old acquaintance who was decidedly the worse for wear, yet still to be identified.

"Withers!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn; "is it possible?"

"Jack!" returned Mr. Withers, taking the offered hand, and forgetting Mr. Carmichael's enmity to the man before him, "we three never expected to meet in this way."

"Three?" said Mr. Lynn, interrogatively.

"Three," repeated Mr. James Withers; "me, you, and Hugh Carmichael."

"I don't know Mr. Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, coldly.

And suddenly in the breast of James Withers rose the desire to become a mediator, not from any benevolent ideas on his part, but from purely selfish intentions. If he could be friendly at both Lynn Court and Green Oake, it would be very desirable. He saw it at once—he had lived too long a hand-to-mouth life to be insensible of opportunities, or to neglect making the most of them.

Fortune had put the one into his hand, and it was for him to make the best game he could.

"No, you *don't*," returned Mr. Withers: "he's an altered man, he's been kind to me, and he's good to those nieces of his that haven't a penny."

"I'm glad to hear it," replied Mr. Lynn, stiffly; "but I heard Miss Carmichael was an heiress."

"I don't believe it; it's some tale or other. She's poor Charley's daughter, it seems, and he'd never anything to leave, I'm certain."

"Charles was the best, by far. Poor Charles."

"And came to the worst end. He died of drinking, Hugh says, more than eighteen years ago."

"And Miss Carmichael is poor Charles's daughter. I should like to see her sometimes for the sake of old days," said Mr. Lynn.

"She's a pretty girl enough, too," said Mr. Withers, meditatively; "but she does not feature any of the family. I wonder who her mother was?"

"I have no communications with Green Oake," said Mr. Lynn. "But if you will take a message for me I shall be greatly obliged. Will you tell her that my little boys often ask for her, and want to see her?"

"It's a pity you and Hugh don't make it up," said Mr. Withers.

A deep flush came over Mr. Lynn's face.

"You do not understand, Withers," said he. "We may forgive, but there are some things in the past that can never be forgotten."

"I believe," pondered Mr. Withers, "that Jack's about as implacable as Hugh." Then he said aloud, "Well, of course you know your own business best; but to me it seems that when old acquaintances meet there's nothing like being jolly."

As Mr. Withers gave utterance to this sentence, a third person appeared on the scene, this third person having emerged from the garden, and having come in search of Mr. Withers.

And found him!

Yes, found him. And Mr. Carmichael stood petrified with rage and dismay, for the shadowy fear of the night-season was a reality. James Withers and Mr. Gresford Lynn had met!

He turned back, and sent a boy, who was working in the garden, to go and tell Mr. Withers that the dog-cart was waiting, and that Mr. Carmichael was ready to drive him to the station.

Then Mr. Withers awoke to a sense of his delinquency; for had he not been conversing amicably with his friend's enemy for full ten minutes by the church clock?

"But he's no enemy of mine, and I can't see that I've done any harm."

And as Mr. Carmichael in the course of the drive, after a sharp cross-questioning, also decided that no harm had been done, he parted with Mr. Withers in an amicable manner.

He came, however, to two conclusions on his way home. First, that he had thrown away fifty pounds; secondly, that he would not mind if the girls were now and then to take some notice of the Lynn children.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Carmichal, on returning from the duty of speeding his parting guest, was in a much better frame of mind than he had been at breakfast-time.

Matters had certainly not taken the course he had intended; still, on the whole, he was not dissatisfied; indeed he was by no means sure but that everything had happened for the best, and that the interview with Mr. Lynn had been a gain instead of an injury.

So Mr. Carmichael arrived at home in a better temper than he had set out in, and Aunt Lotty, nervously taking a glance at him, felt assured that the storm which she had seen gathering in the morning had passed away.

"Did you see Mr. Withers off?" she asked.

It was a bold effort on the part of Aunt Lotty, who was not in the habit of asking for information. But Mr. Carmichael being, on this morning, disposed to be gracious, replied in a tolerably polite affirmative.

And Aunt Lotty looked pleased and was very near making another remark; but not feeling sure that a second effort might meet with the same success, she wisely remained silent, quietly smiling to herself, investing her ideal picture of Mr. Carmichael with another coat of varnish, and giving an extra polish to the frame.

Then Mr. Carmichael's eye fell upon Joyce, who was sitting with her aunt.

"When does Mr. Chester leave England, Joyce?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"How long will he be away?"

"All winter, until quite summer, I think."

"So much the better." Then looking round the room, he asked,

"Where's Doris?"

"In the drawing-room. Mr. Chester is there."

"And why are you not there?"

"Mr. Chester was talking to her about her mother, and I—I thought I might be in the way."

Mr. Carmichael uttered an impatient exclamation.

"I wonder you have not more sense, Joyce, after what I said to you. You will please to return to the drawing-room. How long is it since you left?"

"About half-an-hour."

Mr. Carmichael looked livid with anger; still he merely said, in a slow, suppressed voice,

"Go back at once;" and he left the room.

"I don't like to go back," said she, rising slowly.

Aunt Lotty looked puzzled.

"No, dear; but still Mr. Carmichael thinks you ought. It seems a pity, they must have so much to say. I can't see why Mr. Carmichael should object to their being together. It's the most natural thing in the world that they should like one another, and very desirable too, for Mr. Chester has more than enough to live upon, and I don't see that there's any fault to find with him. Do you?"

"No."

"I had planned it all so nicely, dear, and you were to be bridesmaid; and I thought how pleasant it would be to have a wedding at Green Oake. How we should all enjoy it!"

The girl made no answer; she felt her heart quivering, but she knew that Aunt Lotty had no idea of the secret that was nestling there. Oh! if there were no secret, how much happier she should be. She must turn it out; why had it crept in like a cruel serpent to mar her quiet life?

Poor Joyce! she had never seen a hero before, and so had magnified this one accordingly, and had bestowed an amount of hero-worship upon him that was growing into something deeper, do what she would to prevent it.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," quoted Aunt Lotty. She was not given to quotations, but this one every one knows, and it had been a favorite with her in bygone days: indeed at the time of her own engagement it had been almost a stumbling-block, since her own love experiences ran in so exceedingly smooth and untroubled a stream that she was inclined at times to doubt whether it could be the "true love" that it ought to be.

"It never did," repeated Aunt Lotty, "at least not often," she added, in correction, as though excusing something to herself.

"No," responded Joyce.

"Ah, dear, I see you're just as sorry about it as I am; still we must not go against Mr. Carmichael; he knows so much better than we do. So I think you had better go now, Joyce."

"Yes," said Joyce, and she moved slowly away. She walked equally slowly across the hall, and placed her hand on the handle of the door. She opened it.

Mr. Chester was putting his sketches into his portfolio, whilst seated in an arm-chair near him was Doris, busily engaged in severing a long brown lock from her head.

"You're just in time," said she, as Joyce entered; "I was going to send Gabriel for you. I'm going to give him a charm to keep him safe whilst he is away: I want a piece of your hair to plait with mine; so sit down and let me cut it off. Gabriel ought to be very proud of it."

But Joyce put her hands away.

"No, Doris; your own is sufficient."

"Nonsense!" replied Doris, "I must have yours as well. Gabriel, do ask Joyce to give it to you; the knot won't be perfect without."

"I should not dare to ask Miss Dormer so great a favor," said Mr. Chester, without looking at Joyce.

"He must say something," thought she; "and perhaps he's said the best he can under the circumstances. He does not want it."

But she did not speak.

Doris looked disappointed.

"Don't you wish well to Gabriel? Remember it's a long journey."

Did she not wish him well? She was glad Doris was blind, and Mr. Chester, too; so she tried to turn the matter off jestingly.

"How long have you believed in talismans, Doris? The dark ages must be coming back again if a twist of plaited hair will avail against the dangers of land and sea."

"I have my own little superstitions, Joyce; I don't disbelieve in everything that is not quite prosaic and matter-of-fact. And I do believe we should all be the better for a little touch of romance to soften our hard calculating hearts. I don't mind a little credulity now and then, it shows one that there is still some faith in the world—an unquestioning faith that has a touch of the beautiful in it, though people may be called fools for possessing it."

"What a grandiloquent speech, Doris," said Mr. Chester; "and not quite to the point either."

"I was not thinking of points, and I don't care about them; one thing sends one's thoughts straying off into another, and— But I must return to my point, I see. I don't suppose that the knot of hair will act as a life-preserver, but I do think that every time Gabriel looks at it, it will lighten his heart to think that there are two people caring for his safety."

"I am sure," said Joyce, raising her eyes at last to Mr. Chester's, "that I sincerely hope you will meet with no dangers on your journey;" and she met his eyes looking doubtfully at her.

He did not believe her.

Doris shook her head.

"I don't like set speeches, Joyce; and I can't think why you persist in shutting Gabriel out of your story."

"Perhaps whilst I am away I may meet with some danger, or do something heroic enough to entitle me to a place in it." And again Mr. Chester looked at Joyce.

"Yes, but you ought to be in it now; and I think if Joyce would let me plait her hair with mine for you, that it would in some way make her take an interest in you. It's a sort of superstition, I have, Joyce; I must have my own way with people I like. There are so few in the world for *me* to care about, or to care for me, that I must have all those I love love one another. I shall look upon you as Gabriel's enemy and mine, if you refuse to grant my request."

Mr. Chester's enemy!—The idea was not pleasant; still, perhaps, it was better that it should be so.

"And *my* enemy, too," repeated Doris.

"Oh no; not *your* enemy, Doris."

"But *mine*, am I to understand, Miss Dormer?" asked Mr. Chester, laughing, yet there was a grave look in his eyes.

Joyce felt her face growing crimson; but she looked up steadily, and answered,

"No, Mr. Chester; not your enemy."

"But unless you give part of the talisman, he will have no proof of it."

"I think Mr. Chester will believe me without that."

"Better with," said Mr. Chester, softly.

Joyce half started. Ah, no! It is for Doris's sake. He cannot bear to see her vexed. And then she raised her eyes once more.

Mr. Chester's doubting look was gone, and he gazed kindly at her.

Could she refuse?

Had he not in a manner asked for it?

"There!" exclaimed Doris, triumphantly. "I

knew if Gabriel would only ask himself you could not say no. Dear old Gabriel always has his own way."

And again Joyce felt how foolish she was; but she had not said "Yes" yet. She would show she was not to be persuaded; she would have some strength, and she would still say "No."

Alas! it was too late, for Doris had dexterously unloosed the long fair locks, and had severed one tress from its companions, which she now held up in triumph.

"And now I may weave and weave, and as I weave I shall sing a magic song; but no one will know what it is but myself, or the charm would be broken."

But Mr. Chester, quietly stepping to Doris, took the shining lock from her hand, and laid it before Joyce.

"I cannot accept stolen property, Miss Dormer. The lock must be fairly given."

What was Joyce to do? Why had Doris brought her into so uncomfortable a position? Had she obeyed her impulse, she would have seized the severed lock, and have thrown it into the blazing fire. But she remembered how she had allowed her feeling to manifest itself on the occasion of the sketching attempt, and she determined to act less hastily this time. She saw that Doris looked really annoyed, and she felt vexed with herself at bringing about anything approaching a scene. With some effort, therefore, she took up the piece of hair, and turning to Doris, said,

"We will not quarrel over it, Doris. I give you my contribution towards the talisman."

But Mr. Chester still was not satisfied.

"Pardon me; it is not quite right yet. You must give it freely, or it will be of no avail."

"I have given it freely," said Joyce. "I give it freely to Doris for you."

Mr. Chester did not look as if he were quite satisfied even with that, though he answered, "I suppose I must be content, Miss Dormer."

And Doris wove the dark and the light tress into a complicated braid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

And Mr. Chester has gone! Really gone this time, and we shall not see him again until summer. He seemed pleased with Doris's talisman, and admired the contrast of the dark and light hair, and complimented Doris upon the workmanship. It is evident why he prizes it.

Doris wonders I will not let him come into my story. Oh, Doris, Doris! how little you know——But how am I proceeding with my story? I seem to have come to a standstill. Mr. Carmichael is altogether inexplicable. At one moment he is angry if Doris and Mr. Chester are left together. At another he does not care about it. His mind appears to be swayed by contrarieties.

Doris's account, as far as it went, was correct enough. The two princesses, as she chooses to style us, have certainly arrived at the castle, but the wonderful adventures that are to happen have not yet befallen us. Us, I say; but I don't suppose anything is going to happen to me: that I'm quite clear about; it's all straightforward, and there's no mystery: but I can't understand about Doris. Mr. Chester believes that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's sister, and so does Doris herself, but Mr. Withers has evidently received the impression that she is the daughter of Mr. Carmichael's brother. I knew I was not wrong about the slip that night, that it was no slip.

Neither can I understand why Mr. Carmichael speaks more feelingly about Mrs. Gresford Lynn's death, and says what a blank it must cause at Lynncourt, and how sad for the children, and has actually inquired if we have seen them lately, not as though he feared, but as if he hoped we had. But of course we have not.

He seemed so anxious upon the point that Aunt Lotty asked if she might send to inquire. But to this he did not assent.

"I wish to make no advances to Mr. Lynn," said he, and then turning to me he added, "I don't want you or Doris to take up my quarrels. I don't object to your speaking to Mr. Lynn or the children, if you should chance to meet them."

"Could we not ask if the children might come here?" asked Aunt Lotty, timidly, for her heart yearned towards the motherless little ones.

But Mr. Carmichael's stern "No," prevented her urging the matter.

"But you see, Joyce dear," said she, when Mr. Carmichael left the room, "that there is no objection to your seeing them if an opportunity occurs. Perhaps you might make an opportunity; I should so like to hear something about them."

But the snow falls fast, and I do not see how we are to make the opportunity Aunt Lotty speaks of. As I look from my porch window it is all one white sheet before me, and the branches of the trees are coated over, and the fir-trees support great masses of snow on their thick spiky bristles. It comes down, down, down, and I watch the flakes whirling past the window, and think of the days when I used to believe in the nursery legend, and used to sit and wonder at the numbers of chickens Mother Carey must have to pluck. Mother Carey, too, presented herself to my mind as I used to imagine her, a gigantic woman, with peaked hat and spectacles, but withal of a good-humored countenance, and possessed of a vast amount of patience, as she sat on pillows of snow, plucking feathers for snow-beds. I never considered what became of the poor stripped chickens. The one great fact of the down-falling of the feathers overpowered me as they came whirling down and settling upon the window-sill, and upon the ground, and upon the hedges, and upon everything. And if my mind did stray from this one great fact, it did not revert to causes, but leaped forward to results, and I pictured snow-balls, and snow-men, and quite forgot the poor shivering snow-birds.

And now as I sit here, up comes the old train of thought, and it seems to me that a great cloud that has been eclipsing the past has rolled away, and I am once more a little child.

It is very refreshing to call up these old thoughts and feelings, to propitiate the angel with the flaming sword, and once again to be in Paradise—the paradise that once in a life-time comes to all on earth, the few brief months ere yet our eyes are opened to know good and evil; months, I call them, for they scarce amount to years; when first we have a sense of the wonderful "me" that is to pass through so many phases.

It is curious to look back upon the development of that "me." To realize that the "me" that now exists was the "me" that existed then, and to watch the progress of that "me" as it passed from the wonder-ages into the world of reality; when it first awoke from its dream-life, and found a world of substance instead of shadow, with rough paths and steep hill-sides to clamber, and hedges thick with thorns, and the roses growing so high that it is well-nigh impossible to reach them.

And so I mused: I saw the "me" of long ago in white frocks and red shoes, hoping to find fairies curled up in the large white lily-buds, or sitting with folded hands and open eyes listening to wild stories without a question of their truth, for this was the age of Belief, when the soul is impressionable, and is an unsown field ready to receive seed; and the seed sowed then takes deep root, though often it does not spring up for years afterwards.

And then the "me" begins to use its senses, to test its sight by touch, to satisfy its wonder by tasting, and so finds itself in the age of Discovery—age ever increasing, and growing even more a wondering age than the wonder-age itself; for beauty is not now the only phase of which it is conscious, since with the beauty comes deformity, with harmony discord, with hope disappointment; yet though darker elements are up-growing to cloud the light, and there is a night coming to the young fresh day, there is, amidst the blackness spreading around, a new and stranger kind of beauty, for in the dark firmament the stars are shining.

Shining, till in the age of Doubt, of Unbelief, they fall from the heavens, and there is blackness all around, darkness indescribable, utter and complete, darkness like to the horror of that Egyptian night whose darkness might be felt.

O light! O light! art thou for ever quenched? Light, blessed light! shall we henceforward walk in blindness?

A pause—a hush—the stillness of death. Shall man lie down conquered by despair, and weary of wrestling? Up! for a fitful ray is glimmering on the obscured horizon. Up! for an angel wrestles with thee—wrestles with thy baser nature, and if thou strivest mightily thou shalt prevail. A new sun is rising, higher and higher, brighter and brighter, and the heavens and earth are bathed in a purer flood of glory. The shadows of the past have melted away, the age of Faith has come.

And this was what my musings brought me to. Yes, I can see that to every thoughtful "me" in the world, either in greater or in less degree these phases must come. Woe unto those who are overcome in the age of Doubt!

This was the sermon I preached from the text of a few snow flakes. I had not time to draw deductions or to apply it practically, for Doris coming in at that moment caused me to pause in my writing.

"At your diary, Joyce?" said she. "What of the story?—is Mr. Chester a hero yet?"

She knew the little book with its clasp and lock.

"I've been writing a sort of sermon, Doris."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, that at any rate you will show me now?" said she.

"Not yet, Doris," I answered, "you must wait till the whirl of life has passed away, and we are in the age of Faith."

"Dreaming, dreaming still, Joyce; when will you wake up? You call me superstitious and romantic, but I believe I've more of real life about me than you have. Why should we not always be in an age of Faith, and believe that everything is happening for good around us, and taking pleasure and happiness as it comes in our way, and leave the future ——" but here she broke off suddenly, as though some thought had struck her.

I did not answer, for though her words fell soothingly, they did not quite chime with my state of feeling. So we left the diary and the age of Faith clasped up in it, and turned to everyday life again.

And I told her what Mr. Carmichael had said of the Gresford Lynns, and her eyes brightened, and she began to wonder how we could make an opportunity for seeing them. And then the thought that had struck her at the end of her former speech seemed to occur to her again, for with an energy that startled me, she said,

"Joyce—" and again she stopped.

"Well?"

"Joyce, I think you've a good deal of mesmerism in you. I don't know what to call it, but I think you've some sort of belief in the supernatural, in the connection of the spiritual and the natural."

It was such a vague, rambling, half-expressed speech, that I could not help smiling.

"Don't laugh, Joyce. I'm quite in earnest. I've had a dream."

"And you want an interpreter?"

"Not quite. I can't tell it, it is misty and incomplete, and I should not give you the right impression; and besides, it is so foolish to tell dreams. I only want you to tell me, do you believe in dreams?"

"In what way?"

"Do you think they are as dreams were in former times, foretelling what is going to happen?"

"You have been dreaming of some trouble in the future?"

"Yes, a foreshadowing."

"Something perhaps has been hinted at, and has dwelt upon your mind?"

"Joyce, Joyce, what does Mr. Carmichael mean? I would not for worlds and worlds do harm to the Gresford Lynns."

I tried to soothe her, to tell her that Mr. Carmichael seemed to be softening in his feelings towards them, that the remark he made might have been but an ebullition of anger, that something might have provoked him, that he was incomprehensible, that I could no more read him than I could a foreign language to which I had no key.

But this was not consolatory. She was impressed with the sense of some coming sorrow, and I could not comfort her. All I could do was to promise her that whatever befell she might be assured that I would help her to the utmost of my power. For her own sake and for the sake of the promise I had made.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Miss Evans, author of "Adam Bede," is living with Mr. Lewes, as his wife, although he has another wife living. Mr. Lewes's first wife proved unfaithful, and has twice deserted him, but as he once forgave and received her back, he cannot, under English law, obtain a divorce. Owing to her peculiar position Mrs. Lewes (Miss Evans) seldom goes into general society or sees strangers, though every one is anxious to meet her, and many of her warmest friends are among the wise and good.—*Exchange Paper.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCŒUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

THE ELMIRA WATER CURE.

This well managed *Cure* will be reopened on the 1st of May. It is situated on the Hill-side at Elmira, New York, and overlooks that flourishing town. Of its conductors, Dr. and Mrs. S. O. Gleason, we have a personal knowledge, and can unhesitatingly recommend them to our readers as competent and judicious persons, with an experience of twenty years in the treatment of Caronic cases of illness. They rely upon water—not by any means always *cold* water—for their *chief* remedy, though they also resort to Medicine, the Swedish Movements, Electricity and Light Gymnastics as most valuable aids. The diet is *not* strictly vegetarian—meat being regularly allowed once a day.

For our own part, we think that the chief good done at Water Cures, is generally by the change of air, rest, pleasurable excitement, and proper food. As to the last, we believe that the usual diet of such establishments (except for that small proportion of Americans who are in the habit of eating too much) is too meagre and chaffy. We believe that with good wholesome food, animal and vegetable, in large variety, and fewer baths, their patients would get well sooner. But they ought to be allowed to increase their charges in proportion—for such living would be more expensive than the "saw-dust puddings" which Dr. Franklin found so economical.

In conclusion we would say, if we intended to try any Water Cure, we should certainly first try Elmira.

WHO IS MEANT?—An Ohio correspondent wishes to know who it is that Whittier alludes to in his beautiful poem of "SNOW-BOUND," in the lines commencing,

"Another guest that winter night,"

and ending—

"And still unrestful, bowed and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies."

We have seen it stated somewhere, but forget. Who can tell?

OLIVER OPTIC'S BOOKS.—We call attention to the works of "Oliver Optic," advertised in this week's paper. They are designed for the young people, and we find them amazingly popular at home, where books of all kinds are not very scarce, as our readers may suppose. We remember once to have picked up one called "The Boat Club," and positively we never laid it down until we had finished it. And we have just had to send on for the series of "Army and Navy Stories," in order to preserve the peace of mind of a boy of thirteen. In fact "Oliver Optic" has a "gift" for writing children's stories.

☞ Congress has adjourned until the first Wednesday in July—when, if either House is without a quorum present, there shall be an adjournment without day—that is, to the regular time of meeting in December.

A Tunnel from Walnut to Market Street.

EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Sir—Great feats in tunnelling have been accomplished, as tunnelling the Thames at London, the Alps, and, let us imagine, the prospective boring by the Pennsylvania Central through the mountains to Pittsburg, but nothing of the kind has come home so pleasantly to myself as the vista, or house tunnelling, seen from the door of your office, looking inward clear through, passing Harmony street, along Hudson street and crossing Chestnut street, away through Franklin Court, cut under the arch into Market street. It is a charming piece of perspective, somewhat restricted, but a capital subject for the camera and the engraver. Do, Mr. Editor, let your artists put this rare bit of city tunnelling on paper for the benefit of such of your out of town readers as take an interest in matters which concern their old favorite, the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Standing with your back to Walnut street, the eye looking across your first floor out into the court, catches glimpses of your own printing office and the printing house of Mayor McMichael's North American and (the old) United States Gazette, Adams's Express Company building; the Commercial Bank; the site of the old Post Office, now occupied by that solid granite structure, the First National Bank, passing on by the once famous Athenian Building, where the original proprietor of the "Old Post" issued his host of papers, including the Daily Chronicle, the Gentleman's Magazine and the Lady's Book, the perspective tapers off, "small by degrees and beautifully less," along through Franklin Court, where the great printer philosopher set out the first mulberry tree that ever gladdened the eye of an American silk-grower—when your retro-prospective view, passing out under the archway, is lost in the whirl of Market street. The eye, taking in this sort of kaleidoscopic avenue, is met by the constant stream of people, horses and carriages passing to and fro, up and down these great central thoroughfares. All this, and much more, is presented at a single glance, the eye looking, if you choose, only through the small opening of your closed hand. Its interest increases from the fact that the view from your present location terminates in Market street, the old location, where the Saturday Evening Post, "monarch of all it surveyed" in the weekly newspaper field, was printed in "B. Franklin's printing office, back of 53 Market street." An engraved picture of this back door view would require fine lines and delicacy of touch to give distinctness to its diminutive proportions, but then what a gem! a real treasure among the curiosities of engraving, gratifying to the artists no less than to your

MULTITUDE OF READERS.

[NOTE.—It is a charming bit of perspective, as our correspondent says, for those who have good eyes. But the lines of such an engraving would be, we fear, too fine for newspaper printing.—EDITOR OF POST.]

Gen. Washington at Home.

Gen. Washington stood six feet three in his slippers, and in the prime of his life was rather slender than otherwise, but as straight as an arrow. His form was well-proportioned and evenly developed, so that he carried his tallness gracefully, and looked strikingly well on horseback. There never has been a more active, sinewy figure than his when he was a young man; it was only later in life that his movements became slow and dignified.

His wife was a plump, pretty little woman, very sprightly and gay in her young days, and quite as fond of having her own way as ladies usually are. She settled down into a good, plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after her servants, and was seldom seen without her knitting needles in full play. She was far from being what we should now call an educated woman. Scarcely any of the ladies of that day knew much more than to read their prayer-book and almanac, and keep simple accounts. Mrs. Washington probably never read a book through in her life, and as to her spelling—the less said of it the better.

Washington himself, before he became a public man, was a bad speller. People were not so particular then in such matters as they are now; and besides, there really was no settled system of spelling a hundred years ago. When the General wrote for a "rheam of paper," a beaver "hatt," a suit of "cloaths," and a pair of "sattin" shoes, there was no Webster Unabridged to keep people's spelling within bounds. Nor was he much of a reader of books. He read a little of the history of England now and then, and a paper from the Spectator occasionally on rainy days, but he had little literary taste. He was essentially an out-of-doors man, and few things were more disagreeable to him than confinement at the desk. There was nothing in his house which could be called a library. He had a few old-fashioned books, which he seldom disturbed, and never read long at a time.

The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain-lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, is our authority for this surmise. She relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon, and in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard through the thin partition the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinions in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said,—

"Now good sleep to you, my dear."

What an example to husbands!

When Washington was appointed to command the revolutionary armies, it is plain from his letters home that one of his greatest objections to accepting the appointment was the "uneasiness," as he termed it, that it would cause his wife to have him absent from home.—*James Parton.*

A Liberal Gift.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have addressed a letter to the trustees of the Peabody Fund, expressing their hearty sympathy with the charity, and making the following tender:—

In furtherance, therefore, of the end proposed by Mr. Peabody, the providing of educational facilities for destitute districts in the South, we beg to present to your Board 105,000 volumes on branches of elementary instruction, viz.:—25,000 copies of Webster's Elementary Speller; 25,000 copies of Webster's Elementary Reader; 25,000 copies of Cornell's First Steps in Geography; 25,000 copies of Quackenbos' Primary Arithmetic; 5,000 copies of Quackenbos' First Book of Grammar.

Bidding you God speed in the great work to which you have been called, we remain, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

D. APPLETON & Co.

Mr. Winthrop, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, has written a letter in reply, accepting the proffer, and thanking the Messrs. Appleton, adding the following postscript:—

P. S.—Since writing the above I have found an opportunity to read your letter to Mr. Peabody himself, who listened to it with the warmest emotions of gratification and gratitude. He enjoined it upon me to thank you most heartily, in his own name, for your noble gift.

☞ James Fennimore Cooper's novels, at a sixpence each, are being issued by an enterprising London publisher. Cooper and Irving are probably the two most famous of American authors. Irving was of the old New York Knickerbocker, and Cooper of the old Jersey Quaker stock. As the Middle States have thus produced the two most famous authors, so they produced in the recent war the most famous commanders on both sides, viz.: Grant, Farragut, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Meade, Dupont, on the Union side, and Lee, Johnston and Stonewall Jackson among the Rebels. Among our statesmen, also, the great leading minds have come from the Middle States—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Lincoln. An extreme position may be sometimes favorable to brilliant authorship and oratory, but not to solid statesmanship, or solid generalship. He that is in the middle, grows accustomed to weighing the arguments of the opposing extremes, and thus gets into a habit of solid thought, which is absolutely necessary in all large statesmanship, as well as in war. An orator or essayist may ignore great facts and truths, with some degree of impunity—but the general who does, will be sure to be beaten. He cannot be a mere ideologist—a superficial theorist.

☞ "Northern Lights" magazine has gone up. It was lights, but no live-er, although it professed to be edited by the "brain-club" of Boston.

THE FIDGETY WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work,
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures,
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin,
You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors—oh, yes,
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile,
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust to my trowsers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak,—
Alas! I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing;
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing.

☞ From the statistics of the Registrar General of England, it appears that a much larger number of the children born at the latter period of the summer die within a year of birth than is the case with those born at other periods.

☞ London has a novelty in "the shape of the smallest Methodist preacher in the world." The reverend gentleman, who has been laboring with great success, is about an inch taller than Gen. Tom Thumb.

☞ The editor of the Concord Monitor having been talked of for Mayor of that city, declined, and among other reasons for so doing says: "Cruelty and unnecessary punishment are forbidden by the laws of New Hampshire. After a rigid examination of my past life, I am totally unable to find among my numerous transgressions any sin of commission or omission, of sufficient magnitude to merit the infliction of such a punishment upon me by my fellow-citizens."

☞ At a spiritual meeting a short time ago, in this vicinity, the prophet Balaam was called up, and asked if there were any jackasses in his sphere. "No," he replied, indignantly, "they are all on earth."

☞ "I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," said the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

☞ The sun is always shining, the flowers are always blooming, the birds are always singing, the golden grain is always waving somewhere in this wicked world.

☞ Twenty years ago Alfred Wild was a clerk for the Harmony Company, at Cohoes, New York, at sixty dollars per month. He recently sold his interest in the company for $950,000, and is worth about $2,000,000." Go thou and do likewise—if thou canst come it.

☞ A gentleman who was attacked by a would-be assassin in Chicago, a few evenings since, owes his life to a newspaper. The knife went through two coats and struck the paper, which was folded compactly in his pocket. After passing through twelve folds of paper the knife was stopped.

☞ Mr. Henry Probasco, a Cincinnati gentleman, now in Europe, proposes to have made at Munich an elegant drinking fountain to present to the city of Cincinnati in the name of the late Tyler Davidson. He asks the city to provide a place for its erection and to keep it in order. The fountain is to be cast in bronze, and patterned after one of the celebrated fountains of Munich, and will cost $50,000.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.
—*Bonner.*

☞ There is much talk in Paris in regard to the approaching marriage of an American lady, of large income and highly respectable connections, with her stalwart Italian courier. The lady has just returned from a tour in Italy, where the untiring attentions of the courier, his vigilance over the lady's safety, his broken English, and his romantic singing completely took the grateful heart of the lady by surprise. We learn that the lady's eldest son has arrived in Paris for the express purpose of preventing the marriage if possible.—*Home Journal.*

☞ A microscope has been manufactured in London which "magnifies three thousand diameters with its lowest eye-piece, and fifteen thousand diameters with its highest, so that an object is made to appear one billion five hundred and seventy-five million times larger than it really is."

☞ At a recent business meeting of the Cambridge Union, England, it was proposed to exclude Mr. Swinburne's poetry from the list of books recommended for purchase by the Library Committee, but it was decided, after much discussion, by a large majority, that the offending volume or volumes should not be withdrawn from the list.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

FINDING OLD FRIENDS—RE-UNIONS—SEEING THE CITY—FOREST AVENUES—A CAVALIER BEAU—A FAIR FIGGER—A TWINGE OR TWO—ALL RIGHT—DEMOCRATIC CUSTOMS—DEARTH OF DOGS—DITTO OF REPTILES—SOLUTION.

I have observed in the beginning of the previous sketch that Tambobamba and everything in and about it are objects of wonder. But we had only encountered the beginning of them—first the suburb of Villa Almendral, (Almond Village,) and then the Yankee-Peruvian general and his daughter, before finding ourselves domiciled in the *Palacio National*, where the next wonder was a New England family so comfortably quartered in South America, and so completely made Peruvian Spaniards of. Then for twenty-four hours the hospitality of our host and hostess kept us so close prisoners that all our wonder had them for its object—that they though North Americans, and quite half our party their countrymen and women, should after so many years of residence among a strange people in a far off land, so well remember New England hospitality, and so freely urge their neighborly offices upon so many persons whom they had never seen.

But we were not all entire strangers to them; for besides Harry Marsden being a native of the same town, and having served his apprentice sea-life under the command of the general, when the latter was captain of a Beverly brig; the Governor was very well acquainted with Col. William Essling and family, and before we had been an hour at the Palacio National, Mrs. Ford had found out an early female friend, and a long, loving personal greeting, and then a half interminable string of chat all about old friends in New England—the old Bay State in general, and Salem, Marblehead, and Beverly in particular.

Senora Isabel Monteiro was a Salem girl, born and bred, Mrs. Annie Ford a native Marbleheader, before marriage for three years a school teacher in Salem, and Isabel having been her pupil, the relation between them was much the same as that which in earlier life had existed between the new American Consul Marsden, and the ex-skipper of the Saladin—now the Peruvian General Ford. Besides these special intimacies, all parties on both sides were socially communicative, and much matter mutually interesting to all was imparted, keeping tongues busy and thoughts engaged between times of eating and sleeping, during the twenty-four hours after our arrival. Then came an inclination and opportunity to wander through Tambobamba and wonder at many things to us marvelous.

It is a pretty place, almost all suburbs, something like that of Villa Almendral, though no one of them nearly so extensive; so that in reality the city is made up of a community of villages separated by broad avenues, these in many instances being so thickly grown up with fruit-bearing trees and flowering shrubs, as to hide from each other the lines of buildings occupying opposite sides of the way. As there are no wheeled vehicles in Tambobamba, serpentine paths lengthwise, and more winding ones across the wooded ways, serve well enough all the requirements of travel and neighborly communication, while a forest of trees, all bearing delicious fruits or edible nuts, filling all the streets, is a convenience that no other city in the world, *so far as* I am advised, is provided with.

Such an arrangement would be something awkward in a city where rowdyism and rascality much abounded, and municipal law was to be maintained by a paid police force; but the Tambobambians are little given to lawlessness, and every honest man being a special conservitor of the public peace, with licence to arrest, or dispose of any law-breaker in a way that will prevent him for ever from doing further mischief, order reigns in Tambobamba to a greater extent than in any other city of any size either in South or North America. It is asserted that a child laden with doubloons, or a woman, may traverse any one of the forest thoroughfares from Villa Almendral to the suburb of Santa Agatha, either by night or day, without being in any manner molested.

Certainly the senoras have little apprehension of insult or injury from any one, as we encountered them in all directions, and of all ages, many young, and bewitchingly beautiful, in groups and singly sauntering leisurely along, gathering fruit, and frequently lying fast asleep on the ground within the cool, quiet shadows of these sylvan, city avenues.

Advised in advance of the social customs and characteristics of the people, and indisposed to make a show of ourselves by promenading *en masse* like a pic-nic party or political procession, we went forth to see the new world and its wonders in small parties, some by couples, and several singly.

Dona Alice, Senora Monteiro, Madam Minnie and myself, made up one of the pioneer parties, and we had passed along the wooded avenue a quarter of a mile perhaps in the direction of Santa Agatha, chatting, plucking fruit as we went, when suddenly a tall, elderly Don in a military frock came out from under a fine old peach tree, approached us, saluted us courteously, and then without more ado walked directly up to my wife, removed his sombrero, bowed as gracefully as a courtier, offered his hand, and without introducing himself, began a conversation by making inquiries about Cuzco, and our past, present, and proposed route of travel, just as naturally and off-hand-like as if he had been a life acquaintance. Such familiarity from a total stranger to my wife, being so utterly at variance with all civilized conventionalities with which I was in anywise familiar, a little nettled me, and in a minute or so more I might have said some uncivil thing to the old leather-colored, white-headed whiskerando, who had offered Madam Minnie his arm and was walking off with her as unconcernedly as though she had been his own especial private property. But a timely interference saved me from making a donkey of myself and from absolute rudeness to one of the most respectable citizens of Tambobamba. A lovely Hebe, bareheaded, blackeyed, and blushing with exercise through the velvet olive of her cheeks—dressed in a rich, white satin skirt, pink boddice, green satin slippers, and blue scarf braided with gold, came running directly up to me, and laying hold of both my hands, said, in an animated tone, but almost out of breath:

"*Ola, senor—vamos comigo—fasa favor!*" (Oh, sir, come with me, please!)

I looked towards my wife, who, with her cavalier, was walking back towards us, she at the same time looking something sharply first at Hebe, then at myself, a deeper shade of crimson than was natural, I thought, tinging her cheeks. I could not conceive what right my wife could have under the circumstances—she still clinging to the arm of Old Graybeard—to criticise my conduct or call me to account; though as the young lady still held fast to both my hands, the position of affairs was a little awkward, especially as the lovely senora persevered in her persuasions.

"Come, sir, please—come with me—it is only a little ways—I will not detain you long."

"Go, senor—go with the young lady. It is quite proper," Dona Alice said, coming to the rescue; and I was led away captive, the bronze beauty thanking me as we went, ten times more earnestly than the occasion—whatever it might be—in reality demanded.

I soon had a solution of the puzzle. Hebe had discovered a cluster of unusually fine, large figs, on a branch quite beyond her reach, and in her perplexity discovering myself conveniently at hand, she had appropriated me, as she had according to custom a perfect right to do, to procure for her the coveted fruit.

The figs were obtained at the expense of some critical climbing, and having gathered them into a basket as they were plucked and pitched down to her, Hebe called me from my climbing, and again seising my hand hurried with me and her figs towards the group who had followed us a part of the way, then been intercepted, and I found another feature to wonder at. Dona Alice was conversing with a rotund, jolly-looking old *padre*, Senora Monteiro had taken possession of Don Whiskerando, and Minnie was chatting with a handsome young fellow wearing the staff uniform of Gen. Ford—a military gentleman whom she had set eyes on for the first time there and then.

Hebe tugged me forward, presented her prize figs to the old gentleman, and innocently let out all the riddle:

"See here, *father*, what delicious figs I have; and the Senor was so kind as to climb after them for me. Thank him, father."

Don Pasqual Ferrals introduced himself and daughter Ervette, offered his hand and thanked me cordially; Dona Ervette distributed her purple fruit, Dona Alice introduced Father Albertino, and Captain Enrique De Molina of her father's staff, and Minnie and myself discovered how narrowly we had escaped making ninnies of ourselves by an exhibition of jealousy at such familiarity as was quite correct in Tambobamba, however questionable it might be elsewhere. We were a little ashamed of ourselves at first, though no one had detected our greenness; but a proposition from Don Pasqual to accompany us in our promenade with his daughter, and then a positive command to all parties, Father Albertino and Capt. De Molino included, to dine with him, set every thing all square with us again, and I do not remember having ever passed a more pleasant afternoon and evening than we did with our friends picked up promiscuously in the forest streets of Tambobamba.

Another peculiar feature of society for strangers to wonder at is the democratic equality of all classes, or rather the total absence of all distinction between rich and poor, and the utter extinction of that principle which every where else more or less makes social barriers between wealth and poverty. In Tambobamba visiting and unrestrained intercourse between laborers, mechanics, merchants, millionaires and military men high in rank, and their wives and families as well, is the universal rule. Matches are made as mutual inclination dictates, and marriages occur between mechanics and merchants' daughters, rich Dons and the daughters of poor laborers as commonly as between equals in fortune. In fact the Tambobambans hold religiously in practice that sublime sentiment which, though made the carved keystone in our declared Magna Charta, bears meaning only in the abstract, high sounding, but modernly meaningless as the emblazoned *Dieu et mon droit* of England's Royal Arms. Indeed, in practice the Peruvians of Tambobamba have left northern as well as European civilization very far in the rear in this particular path of progress, holding as they do that not only all men but *all women* as well are born free and equal, remaining thus until by some immoral act or illegal outrage of the peace of the commonwealth they shall voluntarily place themselves in the position of moral and social outlaws. In such cases community makes common cause, not against the renegade individually, but against the vice he is the exponent of, until a radical reformation is enforced or the individual driven in ignominy from society and the city. It was the unanimous opinion of our party that if society in all Christian countries would adopt the conventional customs of the Tambobambans, we should sooner civilize and harmonize the discordant elements of society, and perhaps hasten the period of the second advent.

Though the city of Tambobamba has a central heart, made up mostly of churches, plazas, public buildings and private residences of more pretentious appearance, in its totality it is rather a clustered conglomerate of suburbs separated from the core, and each one from the other as well, by wooded avenues, miniature forests and sylvan jungles of cactus, olive, peach, fig and divers other trees truly tropical, bearing rich nuts or delicious fruits, the diorama presenting from a bird's eye view a scene at once picturesque and pretty; having, I think, no duplicate in features in any other city in the world.

In one feature we found Tambobamba the model city of the continent—of the world, I believe. It is utterly destitute of dogs. Not a canine cur did we see or hear of, excepting always our own, which made up a formidable brigade of themselves, from the hour of our entrance by the suburb of Villa Almendral to that of our departure via that of San Theodoro. Every where else, in every city, town, or considerable village we had ever entered, over our entire route from the Brazilian Rio Grande to Peruvian Cuzco, we had been met on the outskirts by legions of ill-bred curs, snapping, snarling, barking, and biting when they dared, inevitably skirmishing along the picket lines, fighting more systematically as we progressed, and generally winding up the war with a grand pitched battle, in which signal defeat by our superior, better trained animals, was the invariable result. The total absence of a canine antagonist at first seemed to astonish our dog veterans quite as much as it did ourselves. But, like us, a day's experience in the first suburb clinched an opinion that a South American city destitute of dogs, though a wonder, is a feature greatly conducive to comfort and quiet, so far as strangers are concerned. Put the question to any Tambobamban you will, man, woman or child: "Why, how is this, that you have no dogs?" and the inevitable reply in all instances will be: "*Yo nav goosta os perros!*" (I don't like the dogs.)

As singular as is the absence of this everlasting Spanish American nuisance, the fact that Tambobamba and its suburban surroundings have none of the insect or reptile pests so universally found swarming in all tropical regions, is a feature still more singular. A few, only a very few common house flies they have; but not a vicious red or black ant, spider, centipede, scorpion, tick, *or ticks* of any sort inimical to human or animal comfort can be found in, and it is positively asserted nowhere within five leagues of the city. The popular tradition is that a pious old *padre*, named Clement Caldini, of the Benedictine Order, long since sainted, having selected the site upon which the singular city has since gradually grown up for its beauty, fruitfulness and many advantages, found it so infested with snakes, scorpions, fleas and all manner of venomous reptiles, that living in such society was utterly impracticable; whereupon Padre Clement one day, out of patience and in great anger, exorcised the whole community of obnoxious reptiles, bugs, worms and creeping things out of his territory, extending on every side to a distance of five good Spanish leagues, commanding them to remain forever thus expatriated upon pain of extermination.

A more probable solution of the singular phenomenon is found in the abundance of sulphur found in all the region near to Tambobamba, impregnating air, earth and water to an extent that would make the advent of almost any insect pest inimical to man into either element a fatal experiment. Such were our conclusions, drawn from observations and many practical experiments.

☞ AN EDITOR'S ADVICE.—An Indiana paper gets off the following: "A love-sick Sucker sends us some doggrel to print. Respectfully declined. Go and tell the gal that you are a fool, without letting every body else know it."

☞ BONNETS.—Madame Deloffre, of Paris, who excels in making full dress bonnets, has lately introduced some novelties made entirely of feathers. They are the lightest and most dressy of all bonnets, and are already in great demand. Ibis feathers, and feathers from other aquatic birds, which are dyed in a variety of brilliant colors, are used for this purpose.

☞ During the past year twenty-three new operas have been produced in Italy, of which only four survived a first performance!

☞ A colored man who had been sentenced to the State Prison for life for one crime in one of our courts, when arraigned for another offence, said: "I suppose the judge means to sentence me for the life to come."

☞ Great wealth, as well as poverty, deprives one of his liberty. Manacles of gold are a restraint as well as those of iron.

☞ Mr. Tennyson recently had an interview with the Queen at Osborne. The Laureate's new volume of poems, consisting of seven songs, illustrated by Mr. Millais, and accompanied by A. S. Sullivan's music, will make its appearance in the course of a few weeks.

☞ Lady Godiva was personated at a recent masked ball in this city.—*Boston Sunday Times.*

☞ The emancipation of the serfs in Russia, it is reported, is still far from being complete. According to an official return just published, there were at the beginning of the present year no fewer than 3,965,416 peasants still under obligation, while the number of those who have been freed from their obligations up to that date is 5,810,607.

☞ Harriet Prescott (now Mrs. Spofford,) says a cotemporary, has offered something new in the way of authorship. It is a boy, with the title of "Richard Spofford, Jr."

☞ In a suit in Georgia, in regard to the delivery of some corn, a freedman gave the following extensive evidence: "I know no mor'n dis. De pertractors, de commanders and de sil-lemanders sent me on for to answer to de corn. I delivered de corn at William's stable and disclaimed—Here's Mucoovey's corn. Dey sent on de anser all right, and date all de prefixes of de circumstances knowed by de drayman."

☞ A Vermonter taking his family West, recently bought 26 railroad tickets. He goes with his wife and 24 children—the latter including 11 pairs of twins. It seems there are a few natives yet left in New England, who believe in large families.

☞ Among the appropriations of the last Connecticut Legislature was $400 for "whiskey, lemons and sugar, for the use of the Legislature." Rather unsteady for "the land of *steady* habits."

☞ Children are growing very unfashionable in New York. More than one-quarter of the families there are without children; little more than one-third have one child, and less than one-half two children.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris now has a Canada beaver. A house was built of logs for its accommodation, but it didn't like French architecture, and so tore it down and built it over in a style more to its taste.

☞ The love of a cross woman, it is said, is stronger than the love of any other female. Like vinegar, the affections of a high-strung woman never spoil. It's the sweet wine that becomes acidulated, not the sour wine.

☞ Gens. Schofield, Sickles, Pope, Ord and Sheridan are the military commanders of the districts into which the Southern states are divided by the reconstruction bill.

☞ Senator Fessenden is sixty-one years old, about five feet nine inches high, has a broad, square forehead, gray hair, and side whiskers. His portrait on the twenty-five cent note, is said to be a very good likeness. He is considered by many the ablest man in the Senate.

☞ Seven cities contended for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer. Half the printing offices in Maine claim to have been the first to initiate Artemus Ward into the art and mystery of setting type. One account says he commenced his trade in the office of the Coos Democrat; another says it was the Norway Advertiser; Morrell, of the Gardiner Journal claims him as a runaway apprentice from his office, and the Kennebec Journal says he commenced labor as a compositor in the office of the Show-hegan Clarion!

☞ It seems the negro question has reached South America. The Buenos Ayres papers denounce the continuance of hostilities with Paraguay and the alliance with the "Nigger Empire," as they term Brazil.

☞ A clear reputation must be desirable to every honorable mind. Lucretia died to maintain hers; but there the sense of reputation was stronger than the sense of honor! A truly noble heart would have preferred the death that Tarquin threatened; unsullied purity with a slandered name, before contamination with the power of accusation and revenge.—*Miss Porter.*

Photographing Cannon Balls.

The London British Journal of Photography gives a very interesting account of some experiments in the photographing of guns while being fired. In the pictures which were taken, the moment had been so exactly seized that the ball could actually be seen protruding from the muzzle of the gun, while, as we might say, in the very act of leaving it. A description of the mechanism by means of which this exactness was secured will be interesting. It will, of course, be evident that no person, however delicate his perception, could act with sufficient quickness to expose the plate at the exact instant desired. It could only be done by means of electricity. A stereoscopic camera is arranged with a disk in front of the lenses, revolving on its axis. This disk has two holes in it, either of which can be made, by its revolution, to correspond with the line of the lenses. A circular spring is attached to the disk, that when set free it will make a half revolution with the quickness of a flash, thereby bringing one of the holes in a line with the lenses and admitting the light for an instant.

Now for the manner in which the disk is set free. First, the disk is wound up, so that the spring referred to is at its utmost tension. It is retained in this position by means of a catch and trigger, which latter is connected with an electro magnet. The gun is fired by means of a tube containing gunpowder, and through which runs a delicate platinum wire. When a galvanic shock is sent through this wire, it instantly becomes red hot and melts. Two things are by this accomplished simultaneously. First, a current of electricity is transmitted which vivifies the electric magnet and causes it to attract the trigger, thereby releasing the disk; and second, the powder is ignited and the gun is discharged. In order that the aperture in the disk should be retained in a line with the lenses until the powder is fairly ignited, a stop holds it in that position until the wire melts. At that instant, the continuity being broken, the electric magnet ceases to act, nothing prevents the continued action of the spring, and the disk is carried around far enough to close the camera. The manner by which these two movements, so nearly consentaneous without being exactly so, are thus effected, is exquisitely ingenious.

AN ENGLISH CORONER.—"Breach of warranty," says the Pall Mal Gazette, will soon supersede "breach of promise," if a Wiltshire Coroner's advice should happen to be generally acted upon. A man's wife died soon after marriage; an inquest was held, and the husband was examined as follows: "Had she a cough when you married her?" "Ess, sur." "What did you marry her for, then?" "I suppose 'twas because I liked un, sur." "Well, but you must have seen she was not in a healthy state?" "I thought she'd be good enough for I, sur." "This is a foolish and most reprehensible way of acting. It would be well if no man would take so serious a step as to marry without being assured, under medical advice, that his intended wife was a healthy woman. If this were done, sad scenes like the present would be much rarer."

TWO CITIZENS of Lawrence, Kansas, had a dispute as to the ownership of a padlock, the prime cost of which was sixty cents in postal currency. The padlock was taken into court. The justice sat in official dignity. Lawyers were chosen; six jurors were summoned and sworn "well and truly to try" the question of ownership and render a verdict according to the law and evidence; witnesses were called and their testimony taken; the case summed up, and the jury charged in due form. They then retired to make up their verdict. Meanwhile the interest grew and the suspense became exciting. Soon, however, the jurors returned. In the hall of justice all was hushed anxiety, and silence reigned profound, in order to catch the expected words of the verdict, which was handed in and read thus: "We, the jury, *can't agree.*"

AN AGED EDITOR.—From New Hampshire we have the announcement that the Hon. John Prentiss, for many years the editor and publisher of the Keene (N. H.) Sentinel, began his 90th year on Thursday last. He commenced the Sentinel in 1799, when he was just 21 years of age, his cash capital consisting of a five-dollar bill. He gave three notes for his stock in trade which bore this singular endorsement:—"This note not to be sued unless there is evident danger of losing it." From 1799 to 1851 he dictated the contents of his weekly sheet, and for 48 years, except during a temporary absence, made up the forms of his paper.

☞ Saturday morning last, says the Rochester Democrat, a youthful and festive elephant, which came up on the Albany mail train, amused himself, while riding between Syracuse and this city, by pulling the bell-cord, which ran through his car, and also a rope by which he set the patent breaks. This business he did by means of his trunk. He stopped the train two or three times, to the great annoyance of the conductor, who could not for a time find out who was usurping his power.

☞ Lord Buckingham was once at a dinner where a Mr. Grubb was required to sing. He begged to be excused, urging that he knew not what to sing. "Sing I'd be a butterfly," suggested the nobleman.

☞ Elegant and consequential lady: "I won't go, except in a ladies' car; the regulations oblige you to have one, and you *shall.*" Accommodating Superintendent: "Certainly, ma'am, certainly. I'll order one immediately; but that baby in your arms can't go in it, ma'am. It must stay in the gentleman's car; it is a *male.*"

☞ Bury your troubles, but don't linger around the graveyard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

☞ COAL.—The exhaustion of the British coal-fields proceeds at the rate of nearly one hundred million tons per annum, or five times the present product of the American mines. On the other hand, the extent of the American coal fields is more than twelve times that of the British.

☞ The statistics of the draft in France show that out of three hundred and twenty-five thousand young men liable to service in the army, one hundred and nine thousand were found physically unfit. This is a much worse state of things than was developed by the drafts in the United States during the war.

☞ Brigadier-General Rosecrans of the regular army has tendered his resignation to the President.

☞ England last year realized $1,096,565 from tax on dogs.

One Effect of Legal Fictions.

The London Mark Lane Express announces that recently in the neighborhood of Presburg, in Hungary, a woman was charged with being the receiver of stolen goods, which were found in the cellar of her house. She had been most of her life a Jewess, but about six months ago she was converted by a priest of the Church of Rome. The date of birth runs in Hungary from the date of baptism. Therefore the woman when on trial made the ingenious plea that she was an infant not come to years of discretion, and could not legally be convicted. The intelligent tribunal, after serious cogitation, held her defence to be a good one, and acquitted her. The widow now finds herself to be in an excellent position. Being legally only six months old—though virtually over forty—she can use her years of indiscretion to thieve or commit other crimes without fear of legal consequences.

☞ A gentleman in West Virginia, not largely blessed in this world's goods, recently dictated his will, dividing the articles he possessed among his friends, giving to one his coat, another his shoes, another his cap, etc. The will covered over two sheets of foolscap paper, and the total value of the articles bequeathed will not exceed fifty dollars. The Justice of the Peace was occupied for nearly four hours in drawing up the last "will and testament," and when he had completed the task the dying man thanked him kindly, and assured him he would have paid him for his trouble and labor had not all that he owned been given away by the article just drawn up.

☞ A laborer employed in breaking stone on a roadside in England, and having a shade over one eye as a preventive, was thus accosted by a companion: "I say, Tummy, hast' 'e lost an eye?" "Why," replied to other, "hast 'e found one?"

☞ Cardinal Richelieu said to a poet, "There is a great deal here that I do not understand." "That is not my fault," said the poet.

☞ They have a beautiful young lady in Memphis seven feet high.

☞ Harriet Beecher Stowe, and her brother Charles Beecher, have gone to Florida, where their brother, Captain Frederick B. Stowe, is farming.

☞ In the city of Cincinnati there has been established under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, an institution called the Workingmen's Eating-House, in which coffee and bread are furnished for 5 cts., beef steak 5 cts., soup and bread 5 cts., milk and bread 5 cts., three eggs 10 cts., corned beef 5 cts., roast beef 5 cts., oysters 20 cts., pigs' feet 10 cts., potatoes 5 cts., pickles 5 cts., three crullers 5 cts., pies 10 cts. It is claimed that the institution has been fairly tested, and pays expenses.

☞ "In a biographical notice of Pope, which I compiled for an edition of his poems," said an author, "I briefly enumerated his prose works, among which I named his 'Memoirs of a Parish Priest.' When the proof came before me I found that the compositor had set it 'Memoirs of a Paint Brush!'"

☞ The slight fire at the Music Hall, March 24th, has elicited the hope on every hand that the engines will never have occasion to play on the great organ.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ "M. T. Jugg" recently delivered a temperance lecture, in which he said, that "there is no harm in a glass of good whiskey, provided it is allowed to remain in the glass."

☞ A country editor, describing a new organ, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

☞ The man who was slipping from a roof and stopped at the eaves, said, until then he never thought he should be glad to find himself in a gutter.

☞ The lady wearing the largest waterfall is considered the Niagara of fashion.

☞ A servant girl in Berlin fell against a red-hot stove and burned on her arm the date 1809, which was on the stove. The physician who was called on to minister to her looked at the date branded on the arm, and shaking his head withdrew, remarking that for so old an injury there was no cure.

☞ When have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they have reached the ba-be.

☞ MICHIGAN LUMBER AND HER CLIMATE.—It is announced that Michigan abounds in forests of splendid trees. The lumbermen of the State are doing all in their power to strip these beauties from her, so much so that, in the opinion of scientific men, the climate is seriously affected by it. Crops are said to be deteriorating, the winters are more severe, and the absence of fertilizing rains is likewise attributed to the wholesale removal of these forests. The Legislature is endeavoring to meet the difficulty be exempting the forests from taxation.

☞ The oppressive heat is beginning to drive people from New Orleans.

☞ Chicago has the largest lumber trade of any place in the world. The sales last year were 676,000,000,000 feet.

☞ "Welcome, little stranger," as the man said when he found a three-cent piece among his postage stamps.

☞ A Brooklyn paper closes a notice of the criticism which Miss Kellogg received at her last appearance in Boston, as follows:—"When she comes to her own loyal Brooklyn, bless her little heart, she shall do just as she pleases. She shall throw cakes all over the orchestra; and laugh, in all the serious tableaux, if she wants to, and sing 'Beware!' in 'The Barber,' and 'Wearing of the Green,' in 'Faust,' if so inclined."

☞ In the Deseret News, published in Utah, a Mormon woman states that she would rather have the hundredth part of a Mormon man for a husband than the whole of a Gentile.

☞ New Brunswick is a very small British province, not remarkable for great population or trade. Its Governor, however, receives an annual salary of $50 000 in gold, which is nearly three times the $25 000 in currency paid to the President of the United States.

☞ It appears by the late report of the Statistical Bureau that, in 1866, petroleum occupied the fourth rank in the list of American exports, the three which preceded it being respectively cotton, coin or bullion, and breadstuffs. The export value of oil, composed almost exclusively of the new staple of Pennsylvania, was $12,240,573. This sum does not, of course, include the value of the immense quantities used for home consumption.

☞ A queer thing is an accommodation note when you try to work it off. If you can't sell it, you cancel it, and if you can-cel it, you can't sell it.

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THE PRAYER OF THE POOR FOR THE POOR.

I asked for wealth to aid the poor,
Whose pitied wounds I may not heal;
Whose presence I but ill endure,
So helpless is the grief I feel;
When thus, methought, the Lord replied:—
"The world, with all its wealth, is mine;
My hand of love, if opened wide,
Would need no trembling aid from *thine*.

"O, give me wealth," again I said,
"That I may taste the sweet employ
Of giving orphan children bread,
Of filling widowed hearts with joy!"
And knowing well my deep distress,
His pitying voice replied to me,—
"The whispered prayer, the wish to bless,
Are all I now require of thee."

Yet once again I dared to sigh:—
"The rich who love Thy work are few;
Let *me* but pass 'the needle's eye'
To bear Thy gifts securely through!"
The voice replied, in accents mild,—
"Both good and evil work for me;
If thou wert rich, repining child,
Thou, like the rest, mightst faithless be!

"Mourn less, yet combat more, the ill
Thou didst not cause, and canst not cure;
'Tis thine to bear thy Father's will,
'Tis His to aid the helpless poor.
And e'en in this desponding hour
Thou feel'st that 'tis the better part
To have the heart, devoid of power,
Than having power, to lack the heart."

An Ordinary License.

A neat little girl, apparently about nineteen, says the Frederic Herald, a few days ago entered the clerk's office, and removing her bonnet, inquired if Dr. Bradely was in. The doctor, who was present, promptly and politely responded in the affirmative.

"Are you," says the lady, "the gentleman we are to have for Governor?"

"Why, madam," said the doctor, with modest confusion; "there has been some talk on that subject."

"Then you are the very gentleman I want. Have you any licenses to dispose of?"

"Yes, madam; will you have a *retailer's* or an *ordinary* license?"

"An *ordinary* will *do*, doctor; I am only going to marry a *little Dutchman*."

☞ An extraordinary act of self-destruction has just been committed in Milan. A young man named Maurizio, aged 23, in the employment of a baker, entered the heated oven after having fastened the handle of the door to his arm with a string, in order to close it after him. The master some time after arrived, and being immediately affected by a nauseous smell, and not finding the young man, thought of opening the oven door, and there discovered the body. The deceased bore a good character, but had lately taken to drinking.

☞ A part of goodness consists, perhaps, in esteeming and loving people more than they deserve; but then a part of prudence is to believe that people are not always worth what we rate them at.

CHILDREN GONE.

Sometimes, when days grows dusky,
And the stars begin to come,
When the children, from their playing,
Come singing and laughing home,
I think, with a sudden sorrow,
As they press through the open door,
Of the faces of the children
That we never shall see any more.

Children in snow-white caskets,
Laid away to their rest,
Their still hands lying folded
Over the pulseless breast!
Children who came and tarried
As only it were for a night,
And passed, at the break of the morning,
On a journey far out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey,
Where we could not help or hold,
For we saw but the closing eyelids,
The fading of locks of gold,
And knew how now was but silence,
Where once had been prattle and song,
And only a chill and a shadow,
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and caresses,
"God knows where they are," we say,
And we know we tarry behind them
Only a little way;
For we, too, haste in our journey,
And we know it will not be long
Till we come to the city eternal,
The rest and rapture of song.

Yet oft, when the sun is setting
In unspeakable splendor of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretch into the night,
When the children, tired with their playing
Come in through the open door,
I think of the dear, dear children,
Who never will come any more.

GURTHA.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Petcowrie Cove is on the north coast of Cornwall, far westward, and near the Land's End. It is floored with the richest red-gold-hued sand, and is shut in by rocks jutting so far into the sea, as not, even by the lowest ebb, ever to be left dry-footed. In the centre of the Cove, the grassy crest of the cliff dips down to within a few yards of the shore. Some roughly-cut steps make those few yards pretty easy of ascent and descent. From the top of them, a winding track leads inland, past a single cottage, snugly sheltered, and better built and cared for than most of those along that coast, over furzy and heathery moorland, to the back of a bleak gray old Grange, standing about a mile and a half from the Cove. Almost directly opposite Petcowrie Cove, there is a small island, some few miles out to sea, rocky and precipitous, where the sea-birds congregate by thousands.

A boat drawn up under the cliff on the eastward-facing curve of the bay, and nets spread near it, to catch the early morning sun, told of the occupation of the inhabitant of that solitary cottage.

Summer was getting towards autumn. At five o'clock, the sun was just rising. From the eastward-facing curve, you could see it leap out of the sea, strike towards you a path of fire, touching the fringed crests of the freshened waves, deepen the red-gold hue of the sand, and make all the pools it touched in the hollows of the rock look like bowls of ruby wine.

At this hour, a young fisherman came down to the Cove; a singularly handsome, honest-faced fellow; tall, strong, and of kingly carriage. A few moments he looked round him with an intelligent air of keen enjoyment; then, seating himself on his upturned boat, taking a book from his pocket, and laying it down beside him, open, he occupied himself about equally in mending his nets and in conning some lesson. Yet, diligently as he was thus occupied, he often, after the first half-hour, sent a half-expectant, half-impatient look in the direction of the steps.

Nobody came down them for an hour or more. He gave up glancing at his book, and fell to low, melancholy whistling. By-and-by, when somebody did come, he, though quite aware of it, only whistled louder and more gayly, and bent more intently over his work.

A young girl, rather handsome than beautiful, with the sort of face that not even the first bloom of youth and the roundness of perfect health can make soft in expression or outline, but with glowing, passionate, dark eyes, came up to where the young man sat, and stood watching him.

There was a wild, neglected air about her: she had on a frock of delicately colored, glistening silk, unfit for the time or place, and several costly jewelled ornaments; but her dress was untidy and unfinished: she wore no lace or muslin, no gloves, or any little feminine niceties of toilet. Her hair floated loose on the morning wind in heavy dark curls, a plumed riding-hat dangled from one hand, and in the other she had a number of shabby and tattered books.

"Well, Michael!" she said at last, when he had shown no consciousness of her presence, though she had stood by him some seconds.

"Good-morning, miss." He shaded his eyes with his hand, looking up at her. She was then gazing out to sea.

"How nice it is here this morning," she exclaimed; "so merry and bright;" then, looking down on him: "Do you know your lessons, Michael? Have you been a good boy?"

"I wish you had come an hour sooner, Miss Gurtha; I knew my lessons well then; now, I'm afraid, I've forgotten them!"

"Why, you foolish old Michael, you've got to learn for all your lifetime, not for one hour. I've got more books, you see, and I'm going on with your education in real good earnest."

He looked at her with a dazzled sort of indulgent grin, that showed a perfect set of small white teeth.

"Bless you, Miss Gurtha, but it's a tough job you'll have of it: schoolmaster never could get me past what he called the rudimentals—never could make a scholar of me."

"But you'll take more pains to please me, Michael, than you ever took to please that crabbed old schoolmaster."

"That's true, Miss Gurtha.—Wait a minute!" he cried, as she was about to sit down on the sand beside him. "The tide's not been off it long—it's wet enough yet to spoil that grand gown." He took a new red cushion out from under his boat, where it had lain wrapped round in his pea-jacket, and put it down for her.

"That's new, Michael. How nice!"

"I got it made for you to use, miss, when you honor my boat.—But, I've been thinking, Miss Gurtha, as how it's likely enough that you'll get into trouble with your brother if he comes to know the way you condescend to a poor fisherman, now you're grown up into a lady." This was said with a reddening face and downcast air.

"What's put this into your head, Michael?"

"Some idle words I heard the other day made me begin to think of it."

She put one of her small brown hands on his big brown hand.

"Good old Michael! But my brother neither knows nor cares anything about me. You're my only friend; you're the only person in the whole world who is even kind to me now.—I think I hate Edgar! I'm pretty sure I do!"

"Oh, Miss Gurtha, that isn't a pretty thing for a lady, let alone a sister, to say!"

"Nor yet to feel."

"Nor yet to feel."

"For all that, I do say it, and I do feel it, and I don't tell lies about it!"

"I don't *love* your brother myself, Miss Gurtha."

"I wonder who does!—a nasty, mean fellow!"

"That's where it is. He is mean, and I never could put up with meanness. He cheated me out of the prize at the July rowing-match by the dirtiest of tricks—such a trick as I wouldn't play upon any one, though I'm but a poor fisherman, while he calls himself a gentleman.—But I oughtn't to say this to you, Miss Gurtha."

"You're more of a gentleman than he is, Michael, a thousand times more!—Do you know, Michael, I told him how meanly I thought he had served you?"

"Did you, Miss Gurtha?"—with an admiring stare. "What did he say?"

"Things I wouldn't repeat—and—he boxed my ears!" Her face grew scarlet; his reflected the color.

"He boxed your ears, did he?"—repeated slowly, with clenched hands and set teeth. "I wish I was a gentleman!"

"You're better as you are, Michael; better than any gentleman I ever met.—But now we mustn't talk any longer; now to lessons."

When they came to apply themselves to the more abstruse part of their studies, the teacher was as perplexed how to teach as the pupil how to learn: the two handsome heads were bent close together in praiseworthily earnest effort to master difficulties, till, by-and-by, Gurtha looked up and asked: "Where was it you told me you had seen such fine sea-flowers, Michael?"

That proved an irresistible challenge. The rest of the morning was spent in searching for sea-anemones, rare weeds, and shells, while the abandoned books fluttered their leaves in the wind. The delicate silk gown was greened with weed, splashed with spray torn with sharp points of the rock, and plastered with sand. When Gurtha at last remembered how long she had been down in the Cove, and spoke of returning to the Grange, Michael made futile attempts to rub her dress clean with his handkerchief—a fine one, and a white one, one of half-a-dozen which Gurtha had bought for him out of her scanty pocket-money, and hemmed, at the cost of blood, with her own inexperienced fingers.

"I've had such a nice morning. It's glorious down here! I wish I could be a sea-fairy, and never need go back to that gloomy gray lump up there!—But to-morrow, Michael, we must be really industrious, or you never will get on."

"You can't carry those creatures home so, Miss Gurtha."

"You must bring them up to me this evening, in a can of water; and if you can find any of those crimson ones we saw the other day—"

"You shall have them."

He sprang up the steps in the rock before her, held out his hand for hers, and pulled her up.

"How strong you are!" she said admiringly. "It's like pulling by the rock itself."

She tied on her hat, and began to run homeward. He watched till she was out of sight.

The person at the Grange who was supposed, since a young woman who had been her governess had mysteriously disappeared, to exercise supervision of its young mistress, was the old housekeeper: she was deaf, infirm from age and disease, and now and again utterly senseless and helpless from the effects of drink.

This morning, she received the girl as usual with a scolding for running wild, nobody knew where, and for spoiling her best frock; and Gurtha paid the usual amount of heed. She tossed her hat down on the oak settle in the black old hall, made an attempt to smooth her hair with her hands, and went at once into the gloomy chamber, low, oak-raftered, wainscoted, and floored, which was called the breakfast parlor, where the meal was served which was her brother's breakfast, her lunch, and always, when he did not dine at home, her dinner too.

She was glad to find that he was not there before her. The long room had a north window towards the sea, opening into a stable-yard, in which were many dog-kennels; a south window, opening into the church-yard, where the sheep kept the grass short-cropped. A great fire was blazing in it, and after the pure brisk sea-air, the atmosphere seemed oppressive. She flung the north window wide open—from which she could see and hear the sea; but such an odor of pig sty, stable, and dog-kennel, such a grunting, neighing, and yelping came in, that she closed it, and tried the other. She was leaning out of it, watching the sheep browsing among the gravestones, when a coarse voice called to her:

"Shut that window, and come to breakfast. What's the use of a fire if you set windows open?"

She obeyed the order, and then approached the speaker, a sallow, black-haired and bearded, heavy-browed young man, who stood shivering over the fire.

Edgar Trestrail was only eight-and-twenty, little more than ten years older than his sister; but self-indulgence and intemperance had given him a bloated look, that made him appear at least forty.

"Good-morning, Edgar."

He gave her a nod, then asked:

"Is breakfast ready?"

"I believe so."

"Pour out my tea, then.—Not made?" as he saw her take up a teapot which proved to be empty. "That's just like you. Where have you been all the morning?"

"I've been down to the Cove," she answered, surprised by a question which showed an unusual interest in her doings. "Why do you want to know?"

"I'll tell you why I want to know"—he spoke, savagely. "I heard something, somewhere, the other day that didn't please me. I'm going to change all that, to put an end to your low *friendships*. I'm going to send you to school!"

"To school! Why, I'm grown up." The passionate blood mounted to her temples.

"I know that only too well, and I don't know what to do with you. I must somehow get you made something like a lady."

"I am a lady!"

"Are you? You'll need to be labelled as such, then! No one will suspect you of it unless they're told." He stepped back from her, and surveyed her, a glass stuck in his eye. "Who ever saw a lady dressed as you are now? A fine silk gown, torn and dirty, rough hair, no collar, hands not over-clean. You should see how the Misses Garstone look when they come down to breakfast in the morning! It's not an infant school or a village school I'm going to send you to, child," he said, sitting down to the table. "You are to go to Paris. Sending you away will be the kindest and wisest thing I've ever done for you, Gurtha, and I hope you'll be grateful."

"I won't go to Paris—I won't go to school anywhere! It will be shameful of you to send me, now I'm grown up."

"Grown-up ladies don't stamp and scream."

"I won't go," she repeated.

"You *shall* go," he affirmed in a quiet way, that made her feel he meant it.

"Dead, then. I won't go alive; so take care, sir."

He changed his tone.

"Well, well, perhaps I was joking. Be a good girl, and give me my tea. There, there; it sha'n't go if it doesn't like." He put his hand on her head as she came near him, giving him his cup. She shook it off, and looked at him very steadily: his eyes shifted away from her look.

"You can't deceive me, Edgar, and I'd rather have you swear at me, and strike me (for then I don't so much despise you,) than pretend kindness, and tell me lies."

"Little minx! you talk of despising me, do you? However, I'm not going to quarrel with you."

Directly he had breakfasted, Mr. Trestrail prepared for riding; his horse was already at the door.

"I sha'n't be back to dinner, tell old Howes—probably, I shan't be back till late in the evening."

"You promised to take me to the Witches' Stone to-day. If you won't let me ride there with you, I will ride there by myself."

"Witches' Stone! You're witch enough already. Moreover, last time I did take you out with me, I was so ashamed of you, that I vowed you shouldn't go again till you've been civilised. Your habit was torn, your gloves were split, your collar was loose, your hair flying, and your hat half off, and we met the girls from Chevala and that prim prig, young Garstone!"

Gurtha, reminded of this, blushed with mingled anger and shame. She had felt the difference between herself and those pretty girls in their perfect-fitting habits, with their hair neatly rolled away under becoming hats, with their graceful veils, snowy gloves and collars, and dainty little whips. She had resented their gaze and that of their brother; and when the latter spoke to her, kindly and courteously, she had answered as if she felt herself insulted. Poor Gurtha! That gaze which she had resented, especially from Mr. Garstone, had been one partly of pity and curiosity, but more than half of admiration: she had looked splendidly handsome in a rich, glowing, gipsy-fashion, after her wild ride; but she was quite unconscious of this, and felt as if they looked at her as they might have done at some curious half-savage creature.

Why had not her brother noticed the faults of her toilet before she went out, instead of abusing her so coarsely afterwards? Because he did not care about her *for* herself, only about what people would think of him if she looked neglected. Till these Garstones came to Chevala, and were occasionally to be met with in their rides, he had never bestowed a critical glance upon his sister, or spent a word good or bad on her dress.

Gurtha thought of this as she watched him ride away. When she came back into the house, it wasn't much past noon. How was she to amuse herself all the rest of the day? She was not often at a loss.

She got the torn habit and split gloves, and tried to mend them; but they seemed to grow worse instead of better under her awkward big needle. She gave up the attempt in despair, and said: "Edgar *shall* give me money to buy new things. I won't have those Garstones despising me. I'll get Michael to sell my watch and chain, and some of my bracelets and brooches for me, if Edgar won't give me the money. But it's disgraceful, if he doesn't! If I knew where he kept it, I'd take some, for some of it's mine. And he spends it all on himself! I know he gave one hundred and fifty guineas for his horse; and he loses hundreds at cards; and he owes his London tailor and his Paris bootmaker hundreds—the ugly puppy! Now, does he really mean to send me to school? I think not; for it will cost him money—but I can't be sure, since he knew those Garstones. He wants them to think well of him; and perhaps Mrs. Garstone has advised him to send me away. But I won't go! He shan't send me. I'll run away. Michael shall take me off in his boat, and put me out somewhere where no one knows me. I'll tell Michael, and we'll make a plan, and be ready for the worst."

Reminded of Michael, she got those tattered old school-books, and began to try to revive her acquaintance with them, learning the lessons to-night that she meant to teach Michael to-morrow. By-and-by, she dropped the books, and strolled out. Sitting down in the churchyard, she began pondering. What would her life be like? Would it always go on like this? She had little to complain of, she thought—perfect health and perfect liberty made her look brightly on things. She did not have much love or care spent on her; but then she had never been used to them. Edgar hated the old Grange. Perhaps he would marry a rich lady, and go away to live. She should be quite happy then! Perhaps, some day, some one would want to marry her. But no; that did not seem likely. Mr. Garstone (to whom she fancied she had taken a violent dislike) had risen in her mind when she thought of an imaginary bridegroom, and him, she felt sure, she should never marry. No; she should not marry; she should live alone at the Grange, and try to be good and kind to the poor people up in the villages; and then, if she stayed at the Grange, and did not marry, she should not have to part from her dear, good old Michael. She was sitting in the afternoon sun while she thought these thoughts; there was sunshine, the free expanse of moorland, and the pure light air all round her; it did not occur to her that there was anything dismal in such a prospect.

Just before dusk, she was called to speak to Michael; he had brought her some of the sea-creatures she so especially wanted, as well as those they had found in the morning.

"O what beauties!" she cried, frisking about him. "You kind Michael—you dear Michael! bring them in—bring them in!"

"I'd rather you'd take them from me here. I've no fancy to pass over your brother's threshold."

"It's no more his than mine, and I invite you to come in, sir. You won't see his ugly face—he's not at home.—I hope you don't expect me to carry that big can!"

"No, Miss Gurtha; but you have servants."

"And you are one of them! Come, follow me."

With the air of a queen, she led the way into a little room with a big west window, that opened out of the breakfast-parlor—a room that had a fine marine smell, from the number of marine curiosities kept there. She made him fill two glass-bowls from his great can, and then the new treasures were put into them.

A last beam of the setting sun touched the rich colors of some fine and rare anemones, and her eyes sparkled with delight as she looked at them, he watching her in entranced admiration. By-and-by, she got down some mouldy, old-fashioned volumes of natural history, and read to him an account of the newly arrived creatures.

After a little, when he had forgotten all the uneasiness his position as a guest under his enemy's roof caused him, and they two were leaning together in the window, she turned to graver talk.

"Michael, what do you think of my being sent away to school—quite away—to another country—to France?"

He turned pale.

"Don't you mind," she said, patting his hand reassuringly; "I won't go—I won't. I am grown up, and I won't be sent to school as if I were a baby. I won't. Edgar may kill me, but he'll find I won't go alive."

"Miss Gurtha," said the young man, speaking thick and hurriedly, "don't talk like that about being killed. There are ways without dying."

"I know there are, Michael: I only said that to show how much in earnest I was."

"You have only to speak the word, and I'll see who'll send you anywhere you don't choose to go!"

"I know you are always my friend, Michael."

"Always," he answered, and clutched the hand held out to him.

They talked the matter over a good while longer, and then she went with him to the door opening upon the yard.

While they stood there still talking, Mr. Trestrail rode clattering into the yard.

"I might have known he'd be back early, since he said he'd be late. But don't mind him, Michael."

"I say, fellow, what are you doing here?" called out Mr. Trestrail, as he caught sight of young Petcowrie's unmistakable form striding from the house.

The young man so addressed, stopped, turned, and came close to the speaker.

"Have you anything to say to me, Mr. Trestrail?" His tone was in no way insolent, but very self-respecting.

"I asked what was your business here, my good fellow?" When the two were at such close quarters, Mr. Trestrail's tone wonderfully softened.

"To bring Miss Gurtha some sea-flowers."

"Has Miss Trestrail paid you for them? For my part, I think she has enough of such rubbish already. But since you have brought them, you must have something for your trouble. Here"—flinging half-a-crown down on the stones, and turning away,

"Mr. Trestrail." The man addressed stopped, and looked round.

Young Petcowrie's handsome eyes rested steadily, not on Mr. Trestrail's eyes, for they shifted away, but on his face, for a few moments; then he kicked the coin towards him, and said:

"Do you think I'd take money from you!" and strode off.

"Did you pay that fellow for his trash, Gurtha?" Mr. Trestrail demanded of his sister. "He wouldn't take the money I offered him."

"I pay Michael money! No, indeed."

"Not money; then, perhaps"—very insolently—"you paid him in some other way."

"Michael is a friend of mine; he wanted no payment but my thanks."

She did not fully understand his insolence: she was too simple.

"Miss Trestrail must learn a better discretion in the choice of her friends; must be taught a truer estimate of her position, Gurtha, you've got to make up your mind to the school-plan," he added, relaxing to a coarser and more natural manner. "Like it or not, you go, and soon. It's high time you had less liberty. Mrs. Garstone of Chevala thinks I am quite right in sending you."

"You have been talking me over before the Garstones!"

"Yes, and giving you a true character—not, I am sorry to say, a pretty one!"

"I'll not go—I'll not go—I'll not go!"

"You shall go—you shall go—you shall go!—mimicking her tone and gesture.

She suppressed her rage, and said no more then. She even, before going to bed, held out her hand, wishing him good-night.

"Faugh, girl! you smell like an old fishwife. A fishwife you perhaps think to be, but I tell you you are mistaken, and I advise you for the little while you stay at home, to keep that fisher-fellow at a distance, or—"

She was standing temptingly near him, as he sat crouching over a great fire; she struck him a sharp, light blow of her open hand across his face, and then waited.

He sprang up with a fearful oath, but she did not shrink or quail. He controlled himself, and sank languidly back in his chair again. "Little fury! little gipsy! little devil! But I'll find a way to tame it; I'll have it broken in," he said. Those words, spoken between his teeth, and the expression in his eyes as he spoke them, frightened her, and stung her as no blow would have done. It wouldn't have been new to her to feel the weight of his hand, she had often provoked him to strike her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ In an obituary notice of an old citizen, an Ohio paper says, "He was honest and industrious, until enfeebled by disease and age."

☞ The thinking man hath wings, the acting man has only feet and hands.

LOST DAYS.

BY W. A. KENDALL.

I am not one of those who cry
  Come back, lost days; to days long dead;
Deeming full fountains fountains dry,
  And dry ones full instead.

Regret cannot the past reflame,
  Nor moments quenched again relight;
To mourn is adding shame to shame,
  And darkness unto night.

The lost I bury, with good-bye!
  And, few or many, none deplore;
And if I sigh, for this I sigh—
  The dread of losing more.

It is enough the present day
  Makes honor mine, or mine disgrace:
That in it I may win my way
  To foremost praise and place.

For kindly Fortune chance repeats
  As rounds the Future to the Now;
And ever as Time's hammer beats,
  Fame waits the hero's brow.

And if no crown the brow shall wear,
  'Tis not that Fate has grown unkind;
For though unworn, the crown was there,—
  The hero lagged behind!

Still constant as the constant day,
  And golden as the golden Sun,
Is chance; and still the laurel bay
  Of Glory may be won.

So as the days that are to come
  May be improved with action wise;
And from the many I may some
  Grasp and immortalize;

I to the last can cry content,
  And to oblivion give the Past;
The bow of promise still is bent!
  The die is yet uncast!

The Love Letters.

I had called to see my very practical friend, Beau Stone. He opened a small packet he was holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said. "Here are all my letters to Georgina. And here's a little present I gave to her, sent back to me."

There were not many letters. They were written, I could see, in my friend's usual bold, plain, legible hand. Their contents I could guess: little enough like conventional love letters probably—very unecstatic composition; yet simple and to the purpose, and unmistakable enough. The present was a ring, a large diamond heavily set in plain gold; just the valuable, substantial, simple present I could have fancied Beau Stone selecting for his betrothed.

"I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgina's letters to her," he said.

"Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way when engagements come to an end like this?"

"Certainly it's the usual way."

He rubbed his chin and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said, presently, "and let's talk about something else; this is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell us what you've been doing with yourself lately."

So we fell to talking again about this, that, and the other. Presently I left him. As I went away he said, quietly, "I think I shall try and see Georgina once more, for a particular reason."

I did not ask what the particular reason was, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterwards I saw him again. He was at no time subject much to change of mood, or at any rate seldom betrayed any variation of that kind. Yet it struck me that, if anything, he was in rather better spirits than usual.

"You didn't mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a particular good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said, "because as it happens, the engagement isn't broken off; or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgina again. Well, I knew that she often went with her father and other relations and friends to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. I couldn't call at old Warren's house, you know, because I understood that I was as good as kicked out of that. So I went to the Zoological—I've a friend who's a Fellow, who gives me a ticket for Sundays whenever I ask him—and I looked about for Georgina. I soon discovered her, with Warren and a lot of other people. She saw me, and understood by my sign that I wanted to speak to her on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of her party went to look at the kangaroos, she slipped with me into the snake-house. She looked rather frightened, and the tears stood in her eyes; so I put my arm round her—it didn't matter to me who saw me, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I then told her that I was sorry I had not sent back her letters as I ought to have; but the plain fact of the matter was, I couldn't do it. 'You love me still then?' she said. 'Of course I do, Georgy,' I said; 'who's been telling you I don't?' Then she began crying terribly. 'Come, Georgy,' I said, 'let's be married, whether papa likes it or not; only say the word.' She didn't say the word. Poor child! I don't think she could speak for crying; but she looked at me, and she gave over such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw. Of course I kissed her; and then I turned, and who should be standing close at my side but old Warren! Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make believe we were only looking at the boa-constrictor. But of course that didn't do; so I said to old Warren in a cheery sort of way, putting out my hand, 'Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it us.' He was so astonished, that before, I think, he quite knew what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing round and looking on. Of course he couldn't go back after that; and so—and so—the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance,

"How lucky it was you didn't send back Miss Warren's letters!"

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her. I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you?"

At last, then, he'd been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he exclaimed. "I couldn't send them back because—I hadn't kept them. I'd destroyed them!"

"Destroyed them?"

"Yes. What was the good of them. I only keep business letters: they're all regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters, they were no use. It was no good keeping them. I made them into pipe-lights!"

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me entreat you, whatever you do, don't give Miss Warren your explanation about the letters."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason; because they were so dear to you that you couldn't part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

"Do you think so?" he asked, musingly. "But if Georgy's made any mistake about the matter, I think I'm bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice; for fear of accidents, set her right—if you must set her right—after the wedding ceremony, not before."

Whether or not he took my advice I'm not aware. He was married in due course to Miss Warren; and I know that that lady was often heard to declare subsequently she had married the best husband in the world.

His practicality had answered; and it may be a good plan to convert love-letters into pipe-lights; still I shrink from laying it down as a rule that such a course should be invariably adopted. Lovers must be left in that respect to pursue their own devices and to do what may seem right in their own eyes. It must be owned, however, that the story of Beau Stone's love affair shows that there is something to be said in favor of practicality.

The Speed of Thoughts.

Everybody knows our bodies form a series of lines of telegraphs. The operators are the senses and the brain. The brain telegraphs our will through nervous threads to the different organs. There is always some time between the conception and the execution. If we determine to raise our arm, our arm does not immediately obey us. The order must be transmitted; this requires time, for thought and action are never simultaneous. We should certainly admire our electric telegraph even much more than we do, were we to compare their astonishing rapidity of motion with the motion—which is much less—with the telegraph within us. In one-tenth of a second the electric spark can circle the globe. Our brain can scarcely transmit a message to our feet in the same brief space of time. We do not see light, we do not hear sounds, we do not feel a puncture at the same moment the respective organs of these senses are affected. The phenomenon, or the act which produces the sensation, is ended when we perceive it. We may better recall to mind this peculiarity of our system, when we recall to mind the simple experiment of a lighted fire-brand turned rapidly before our eyes. We do not perceive the single impression of a single luminous point which changes its place; what we see is a circle of fire. The light wheeled around describes a complete circle in less time than our nerve requires to transmit the impression to our brain; the eye constantly perceives the light while it describes the ring, and as it is circular, the eye sees a circle of light. Were transmission instantaneous the eye would distinguish the reality, namely, the mere change of place of a luminous point. Haller was the first scientific man to see if he could detect the interval of time which separates reality from appearance. About one hundred years ago he attempted to ascertain the velocity with which the nerves transmit a sensation. He made experiments in this way. He began to read the Æneid aloud to ascertain how many letters he could pronounce in sixty seconds. He counted as many as fifteen thousand. Now the letter R, so he said, requires ten successive contractions of the styleglose muscle in its pronunciation. He concluded thence that in a minute a muscle may be contracted and relaxed fifteen thousand times; as the relaxation is equal to the contraction, each motion lasts one-thirtieth thousand part of a minute or one five-hundredth part of a second. He suggested that this was the period of time taken by the nervous agent to go from the brain to the styloglose muscle, say to traverse a decimetre (nearly four inches.) This would indicate the velocity of transmission from the brain to the muscles to be about forty-five yards a second. There are many causes of error in the original method employed by Haller, and yet the figure he discovered is not very far removed from that which a better method has since reached. Here is a much more simple method which everybody may use. The experiment-maker selects on the surface of the human body two distinct points quite distinct from each other, say, for instance, the toe and the little finger. He will observe how often in a given time he can receive a sensation from the toe and send back motion to the muscles of the part touched. The interval of time will include: First, the time necessary for transmission to the brain, for the act of perception, for the act of volition, for transmission to the muscles, and for the movement of the muscles. Second, the time lost by the mere mechanical process of the signal, which may be set down at zero. If everything else be equal, the experiment-maker will find upon repeating the same experiment with his little finger a different number from that which he obtained when the experiment was made with his foot, as the distance of transmission is less in the former than in the latter case. He may easily discover from the two results obtained the time taken by the nervous agent to traverse the distance from the finger to the toe. This, or some similar method used by Hirsch, Schelske, and several other German and English savans, gives thirty yards a second as the average velocity of transmission of sensations in man. A giant thirty yards tall, would lift his leg only one second after he willed. A still taller giant might in vain earnestly will to rise from his chair, a second would elapse before he could do so. A man of half the giant's size would have twice as quick motions. The dwarf would kill the giant before the latter had time to fence off the former's blows. This hypothesis is verified in smaller proportions among animals and among men. The short man is quicker, more active. He acts, feels and thinks more rapidly than the tall man; what he loses in strength he gains in quickness. This consideration is not unimportant, especially when one recollects the muscular power of animals seem to vary in the universe ratio of their weight. Power and rapidity of evolution are found united, all proportion considered, in the animal whose mass is small. Now every mechanical effect is measured by half the mass multiplied by the square of the velocity; with double velocity and the same mass, the resulting effect is quadrupled. If the velocity remain the same, though the mass be doubled, the resulting effect is only doubled. The reader now sees the velocity with which our sensations are transmitted is far from being so great as might at first have been suspected. Those who could conceive a difference between conception and execution, attributed to it an almost inexpressible velocity. It is almost inexpressible, but this is because the distance to be traversed is insignificant. In reality the velocity of the nervous agent is incomparably, less than that of light, electricity, as the following table will show:

	Yards per second.
Velocity of electricity (Wheastone's figures	464,000,000
" " light	300,000,000
" " sound in water	1,480
" " sound in the air	341
" " the earth in its orbit	30,392
" " a cannon ball of 24 lbs., with a load of 12 lbs. of powder	500
" " the eagle's flight	35
" " carrier pigeon	28
" " the nervous agent	30

Our thoughts—though the poet sings "swift as the thoughts of love"—fly not quite so fast as the eagle nor quite so slow as the carrier pigeon. Who would have imagined them so slow?

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTORS AND CAPTIVES.

Time unnoted is nothing to us. A moment is the same as a million of years—a million of years the same as a moment.

I was not altogether unconscious, but my mind was not in a state to measure duration. There were sweet sounds, and harsh sounds, and no sounds at all. There were comings and goings, as in a troubled dream—faces of friends and faces of foes—light and darkness, and a wild whirl of confusion. And out of the confusion comes the recollection of hearing angry voices, the sharp rattle of fire-arms, the screams of women and shouts of men. Then follows that half-consciousness of being, in which we know we exist but have no reason—in which a man may turn into a beast and afford us not even the emotion of surprise. After that I opened my eyes upon the startling scene I am now going to describe.

I was stretched out on a sort of rude litter, under the cover of a large, old building that had once been used as a kind of store-house, but was now fast falling to decay. Above me it was open to the rafters, and in the roof was many a crevice, through which the sunlight of a lovely day was pouring in long, silver streams. In front of me, on a rude bench, sat Cora Brandon, with her sweet face bent forward and covered by her hands, weeping bitterly. To the left of her stood Alice Brandon, in a queenly attitude, her arms folded across her breast, and a stern, proud, haughty expression on her classic features. Her eyes were fixed upon the stern, proud, haughty, but still beautiful face, of Flora Sebastian, who, with her arms also folded, was slowly pacing to and fro, a little to my right. Grouped a little further back, were several rough, villainous-looking fellows, two of whom, with short rifles or carbines in their hands, were carelessly watching a game of cards, which was being played by some three or four others, who were squatted down on the floor. Beyond these again were other forms stretched out, as if they might be asleep or dead, but the light in that direction did not permit me to see anything distinctly.

All this I took in at a single glance, without even turning my head; but it is needless to say that I was too completely bewildered to comprehend anything—even to know whether I was asleep or awake, dreaming or seeing.

"That's my trick, by ——! and that's game!" were the first words I heard spoken.

"We can dispense with your swearing here, sir!" said Flora Sebastian, rather sternly.

"Yes, don't go and make a —— fool of yourself, Jim, afore the cap'in's darter!" returned the first speaker's opponent, in a tone of reproof.

"Shut up, Bill—you's as bad's him!" said one of the two who were standing up.

"Consarn it all, this ere hurts like all git out!" I next heard spoken, in the well-known voice of Caleb Stebbins. "I say, you—Miss Flora—can't you jest let one of them are fellers loosen this ere cord a bit? It's putting my arms to sleep—I snum, it is—that's a fact!"

"Shut your Yankee meat-trap," growled one of the ruffians, "or I'll guv yer so'thing as 'll put the hull of yer to sleep, so 's you won't wake agin afore Gabriel guvs his last blow!"

This was followed by a general laugh on the part of the villains; but Caleb still ventured to whine out:

"Great ginger! I should think you might meow! I say, Peter, du your cords hurt you?"

"Vell, s'pose as dey does?" answered the Dutchman, in a surly tone; "I dinks it was no good for keeps dalking already."

All this was a mystery to me—the more perplexing that I had been unconscious and delirious—hearing something and understanding nothing—unable to separate the real from the false—and could not remember connectedly what had preceded the present. I knew Alice, Cora, Flora, Caleb, and Peter—I could name them all, as persons I had met—Alice as a friend, Cora as a very dear, sweet friend, Flora as something different and misty, and Caleb and Peter as passing acquaintances—and though they all seemed mixed up in some way that concerned me, I could not tell how, or what it was, or why I should be lying there myself so weak and mystified.

"What is it all?" I thought; and involuntarily I spoke the words aloud, and drew the eyes of the three maidens upon me.

Flora stopped in her walk and faced me; and Cora dropped her hands, raised her head, and gazed anxiously at me through her tears.

"I do believe he is in his right mind!" said Cora, in a low tone, clasping her hands. "May I speak to him, Miss Flora?"

Flora turned and looked at her, and answered, with a half-suppressed sigh:

"If you wish."

"Be careful and not excite him!" whispered Alice.

Cora approached me, with anxious timidity, her blue eyes looking so sweetly, so lovingly, into mine, that I felt as if she were bringing me the blessed peace and happiness of Heaven. My very soul seemed to go out to meet hers, and I felt that she somehow belonged to me, was a part of my own being, and this without any distinct remembrance of the past. She came up and gently took my hand, and the very touch thrilled me with joy.

"Leslie, my dear friend, do you know me?" she asked, in a low, gentle tone; and I fancied her voice was the sweetest music that had ever reached my ears.

"Know you? certainly!" I answered, though it seemed as if I spoke only by exerting all my will. "You are my dear, sweet friend, Cora Brandon!"

"Ah, God be praised! he has his reason again!" she exclaimed, with a gleam of joy.

She seemed to have spoken from sudden impulse, without reflection, forgetful of the present—for the next moment she brought her hands together, turned deadly pale, and murmured, in a low tone, as if to herself:

"Perhaps it would have been better if he had never known!"

"Where did we meet last, my dear friend?" I queried, still unable to connect the events of the past with her name.

"The last time that you really knew me," she answered, in a low, tremulous tone of deep emotion, "was at my father's house."

"Your father's house?"

"You remember Colonel Brandon, do you not?"

"Oh, yes—the name is quite familiar. Stop! let me see! Ah, yes—I have it now—I remember seeing you there. How long ago was that?"

"It was night before last."

"And where was I last night?"

"You fell sick in the barn, and we found you wildly delirious, and carried you into a log shanty, and had you bled, and watched over you all night."

"And what then?"

"This morning we had a litter constructed, and were carrying you home, when we were set upon by—by—the friends of Miss Flora Sebastian, and overpowered, and we are all here now as her prisoners."

"But this is Miss Flora Sebastian!" said I, glancing at the haughty girl, as she stood looking on, with folded arms.

"You know me also, then, do you?" she said, with something like a sneer.

"Oh, yes, I remember you."

"And when you saw me last?"

"For Heaven's sake, do not excite him, Miss Sebastian!" interposed Alice.

"If you please, Miss Brandon, I am mistress here!" returned Flora, with a haughty bow; "and I beg you will not forget your place and attempt to dictate to me!"

"Kill him then, if you want his blood on your soul!" retorted Alice, with a stern flash of her dark eye.

"And if I should, perhaps it would be no more than a just punishment for what he has done!"

What had I done? I tried to recollect, but all was confusion. There were lingering impressions of anxiety and trouble, but I could connect them with nothing definite.

Flora again addressed me.

"Do you remember when and where we last met and parted?"

"I do not," I answered.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you please."

Cora turned a silent, but imploring, look upon the bandit's daughter; and the latter paused, and seemed to soften, as she met her tearful eyes.

"Shall I not?" she asked.

"If you will please to grant me this favor!" said Cora; and there was an angel's pleading tenderness in her sweet voice.

Flora looked at her steadily for a short time, during which she seemed to be making an effort to call up all her sterner, harsher nature; and then, half turning her head aside, as if ashamed of her weakness, said:

"Be it so! You make a fool of me. I can, it seems, refuse *you* nothing!"

The next moment, ere she was aware, the soft arms of Cora were around the erring girl's neck, and the pure kiss of an angel was imprinted on her cheek.

The first impulse of the surprised Flora seemed to be to clasp the other to her heart; (which, it is but justice to say, was far from being all evil;) but, as if suddenly remembering her position, and the wide gulf that yawned between them—between innocence and guilt—she drew herself up haughtily, and said, with stern harshness:

"Girl, you forget yourself!"

"Indeed you *did*, Cora!" exclaimed Alice.

"Silence!" stamped Flora, as if glad to find some one to quarrel with; and she wheeled upon the elder sister, with the same fierce look I had seen once before, when in her anger she would have slain me.

Strange as it may seem, that one single look seemed to sweep a cloud from my brain, and let in the past as a startling glare of light. In a moment, as it were, every thing that had happened to my knowledge, up to the time when, after my delirium, I had fallen asleep on the bed in the cabin of Dame Blodget, was clearly before my recollection, and I now comprehended that we were prisoners indeed, and our very lives depending perhaps on the whim of a guilty girl. The sudden remembrance came with too great a shock for my then weak, unnerved system to bear up against, and I fainted as I lay.

When consciousness again returned, after the lapse of a few minutes, one of my hands was held by the weeping Cora; and Alice had one of hers gently pressed upon my forehead; while Flora, with folded arms, was pacing to and fro, as I had seen her at first.

"Dry your tears, dear angel—I am better now!" I whispered to Cora.

"Oh, Leslie," she returned, in a voice that was music to my soul, "you must not speak!—the least exertion may prove fa—may overcome you!"

"And yet, dear girl," I replied, "it will be better for me to know some things than to remain in my present state of uncertainty, my mind tortured with the most fearful conjectures. Up to the time I was bled, I now remember nearly everything, even my attempt to kill my friend in my delirium; it was indeed the sudden recollection of all this which just now overpowered my senses; and now for you to tell me the rest—all that has happened since—will be a benefit rather than an injury."

Cora turned pleadingly to Flora.

"May I tell him?" she asked.

"Girl," answered Flora, sternly, with a settled frown on her brow, as she stopped and looked at both of us, "what are you and he to me, save as security for the safety of my father in case he be taken alive? What do your affairs concern me now? If he now remembers the past, as he says, he knows now that we have changed places—that I am not in *his* power now, but he in *mine*—and that, to receive justice at my hands, he should be punished with death!"

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" pleaded Cora, clasping her hands.

"Tell him what you like!" said Flora, turning abruptly away, and retiring to a distant part of the building.

And while all these things had been taking place with us, the ruffians on the floor had been playing their cards, and talking and laughing among themselves, the two with carbines seeming to act as a sort of guard. The male prisoners—of whom there were now four, all bound—I could dimly see just beyond; but from these latter came no word of complaint, with the single exception of Caleb Stebbins, who occasionally whined out against his hard fate, and piteously begged to have his cords loosened, though he was only noticed with words of derision.

These, however, were not all of either party, as I soon learned. Two of the bandits were stationed outside of the building as sentries, and a third was keeping watch over three of Colonel Brandon's negroes, who were confined in a small apartment. There had been four of the latter, acting as bearers of my litter, under charge of a white overseer; but one of these, and the overseer, had been killed by the desperadoes in their attack on us.

I will now relate, in something like regular order, and briefly as I can, the stirring events that had taken place, as I learned them from the gentle Cora.

After leaving me at the stable or barn, Ernest La Grange had succeeded in reaching Colonel Brandon's a little past noon. He had found his father there, with a number of the Regulators, and others fast dropping in. His intelligence had caused great excitement, and ended in a resolve to march upon the bandits in their stronghold, and attack them either that night or the next morning. A smaller party, consisting in part of negroes, had been formed to go for me; and this party, in spite of all remonstrance, Alice and Cora had insisted upon accompanying. Ernest had acted as guide to both. On their way they had met Caleb Stebbins, who reported that he had kept Flora from getting back to her friends till a body of the ruffians, (probably the same who had nearly caught us at the barn,) had frightened him off; after which he had wandered about till he had fallen in with the Regulators. As he happened then to be no more eager for bloody deeds than when I left him, he of course had united with the party going to rescue me, being quite anxious about my health. This smaller party had separated from the main body when within a mile or so of the house of Dame Blodget, who it was supposed had with her servant gone off with the ruffians. Ernest had guided the smaller party to the house, and subsequently left them there and returned to the Regulators, since which nothing had been heard of him.

In the morning my friends had set out to take me to Colonel Brandon's, and had only gone about three miles, when they had been assailed and captured by a small band of ruffians, who, with Flora Sebastian at their head, had been flying across the country. Why she had been so flying, with such ruffians, at such a time, away from her father and without a companion of her own sex, she had been frank enough to tell Alice. An attack had that morning been made upon the underground stronghold of the bandits by the Regulators, and she feared her father and others who were there might be captured. She had seen this assault while guiding these men over from her own house, where she had spent the night, and had set off with them to make a capture of women and children, to hold as security for the release of her father in case he should be taken. As fate would have it, she had discovered our party, and we had fallen into her power—the men surrendering after the first fire of the outlaws, which had killed two and slightly wounded two others. An old building being near, we had been taken into it, and disposed of in the manner I have described; and from here Flora had at once sent off a messenger, a Spaniard, to get communication with her father if possible, and tell him what she had done; but in the event of his failing to reach the captain of banditti, he was to reconnoitre the position of the Regulators, gather what intelligence he could of the condition of both parties, and report to her at the earliest possible moment.

"Thus, my dear friend," said Cora, in conclusion, "you see in what peril we stand. Should anything happen to the father of this strange girl, she might give orders to have us all put to death."

"Hardly that, I think!" said I; "and yet I do not know. Alas," I groaned, "that I should be lying here so helpless, and you, my dear Cora, and your noble sister Alice, in the hands of such ruffians!"

"There! there! I knew I should excite you, dear Leslie, and I would rather not have told you!" returned Cora, as she marked the effects upon me of her narration.

"Do not attempt to rise," said Alice, gently pushing me back as I made an effort to sit up. "You could do nothing for us if you had your strength, and you will do yourself an injury now."

"Oh, that I had my strength, even though I were in bonds like those men!" rejoined I.

"Do not despair!—this may all be for the best. We are all in God's hands, as well as in those of His creatures!"

"How long has this messenger been gone?" I asked.

"Some two or three hours."

"He may soon return then?"

"At any minute."

"Has Flora threatened you?"

"No more than to say we should be held as security for the safety of her father."

"I must speak to her."

"Nay, dear Leslie," said Cora, in a sweet, tender tone, "do not exert or excite yourself in any way! I am so fearful it will make you worse!"

"God bless you, dear girl! I will try and be very calm, if only for your sweet sake!"

"Can I not speak to Miss Sebastian for you? For some reason she seems kinder to me than to any of the others."

"Nobody could be harsh to you, my sweet darling!"

"Hush! here she comes!" suddenly exclaimed Cora, putting her finger to her lips.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERILOUS TIDINGS.

With folded arms, a bowed head, a heavy frown, and gloomy looks, Flora Sebastian, who had been out of hearing during Cora Brandon's narration of the events of the last thirty hours, came walking slowly back to the side of my litter-couch. I was watching to catch a glance of her eye, in order to address her, when she suddenly turned away to the men, who were still busy playing cards, and said, in a sharp, angry tone:

"Have you no other means of passing your time when your chief is in danger?"

The men stopped their game, and looked up in a rather confused and embarrassed sort of way, and one of them said:

"If you've ary thing for us to do, we'll do it."

"I have nothing for you to do at present, except to look out that none of our prisoners escape, and we be not surprised!" returned Flora; "but the playing of cards at such a critical time, seems to indicate such reckless indifference concerning the fate of yourselves and comrades, that it annoys and vexes me!"

"Then we'll stop it, marm," answered one; "though we've ben used to the like in every sort o' fix; and hev played over the dead body of a comrade afore now, without meaning no disrespect, and not feeling none the less about his loss; but of the thing don't please you, as I said afore, we'll stop it."

"You will oblige me by doing so, and then keeping a sharp look out around us! The messenger I sent to my father, should have been back before this, and I am impatient for the first news of his approach."

"I say, marm," put in another coarse voice, "I s'pose you'll jest let us play this yere game out, won't yer?"

"Shut up, Jim, and quit whar you is!"

"Yes, that's wall enough fur you, case you knows I'll win; but jest you fork over your half, and then we'll call it squar'!"

"Not as you knows on, by a —— sight!"

"I mought take it, you see, by rights."

"Wall, you won't!"

"Don't brag, or I'll try!"

"Come on then, and let's see you do it!"

"Come, come, men, no quarrelling!" interposed Flora. "Play out your game, if that is all you want, and then stop!"

"Them's 'em!—hoorah fur our cap'ins darter!"

"I say, you—Miss Sebastian!" called out the uneasy Yankee.

"Well, sir, what is it?"

"Why, this ere tarnal cord is cutting into my wrists like all git out! Great ginger! you can't think how it hurts!"

"Does it indeed?" said Flora.

"Wal, you'd better believe it neow!"

"You wish to have it drawn tighter, I suppose?"

"Drawn thunder! Why, hain't you got no feeling?"

"Not for such distress as yours, sir! I have not forgotten how bravely you fought a defenceless woman, and kept her from getting back to her friends till you were frightened off."

"Wal, I didn't tie you, did I? and didn't I keep t'other chap from duing it tew?"

"Never mind, sir; you will remain as you are for the present; and if you meet with no greater trouble, you will have reason to bless the saints."

"I ain't one of them kind—I ain't no Catholic now, I tell you."

"That is enough, sir!"

"Shall we gag him, marm?" said one of the ruffians.

"If he does not remain silent!" answered Flora, as she turned away.

She came back to my side, looked steadily at me, and said:

"Well, Doctor, have you heard the whole story?"

"I suppose I have."

"What do you think of it?"

"That things come about strangely."

"Very strangely!" she said, looking at me in a wicked sort of way. "Do you know that, ever since you have been in my power, I have been strongly tempted to put you to death?"

"Oh, Miss Flora!" exclaimed Cora, clasping her hands in terror.

"And but for you, poor puss, I would do it yet!" she said, looking strangely at Cora. "Somehow," she pursued, "I have not the heart to punish you!"

"And why him?" asked Cora.

"Because he has brought all this trouble upon myself and father, as he boasted to me yesterday, when he had me in his power!" she almost hissed out, with a look of fury.

"Miss Sebastian," said I, "do you blame me for trying to save my friends?"

"You foiled me, sir, in every way, and I should not spare you now!"

"Oh, forgive him! forgive him! as you hope to be forgiven!" pleaded Cora.

"Hark you, one and all!" said Flora, drawing herself up with haughty fierceness; "in this extremity I have recorded a vow in Heaven! It is this: If my father escape unharmed, you shall all go free: if he be captured and executed by the Regulators, not one of us shall escape death! I will see you all slain, and then die myself!"

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Cora, covering her face with her hands, as if seeking to shut out the horrible idea.

"Pray that my father may escape, girl!" said Flora, with a gloomy sternness, as she again began to pace to and fro.

"Would you punish these innocent girls for what others have done or may do?" said I. "Let your vengeance fall on me, if you must have a victim for bloody sacrifice, but spare those who have been your companions and friends for years, and never lifted a hand against you!"

"You plead in vain, sir!" returned the stern, proud, beautiful girl; "my oath is registered in Heaven! If you know any way to save my father, save him, for on his life depends yours and mine!"

"And that is revenge enough. Stop there—spare them!"

"Do not plead for my life, if yours is to be taken, dear Leslie!" exclaimed Cora, lifting her head boldly and placing her little trembling hand confidingly in mine. "If you are to be murdered, let me be slain with you!"

"Ah, God bless you, sweet one! this is love!" I breathed out; and at that moment I would have given the world, had it been mine, for strength and power to bear her away and save her from the impending doom.

One of the sentries outside now called out something in Spanish, and Flora started, turned deadly pale, and involuntarily placed a hand upon her heart.

"My messenger is returning—I shall soon know," she exclaimed, and darted away.

The few minutes of fearful suspense that followed, were among the most painfully trying of my life. The thought that the man approaching was bringing intelligence that would either set us free or consign us to a bloody death, was terrible indeed! and none the less so to me, that I was lying there so weak and helpless, and could not lift a hand in defence of her I so devotedly loved. Alice was pale, but proud, composed and firm; and my dear Cora showed none of the shrinking timidity I should have expected her to display. She was pale, and the hand still clasped in mine trembled, and her blue eyes were moist and loving, but the whole expression was rather as if she feared the loss of a dear friend than her own life.

"God bless you, sweet angel!" said I: "if I could but save you with the sacrifice of my own life!"

"I would not accept my life on such terms, dear Leslie!" she answered. "But try and be calm, my dear friend! try and be calm! Oh, I am so afraid this excitement will kill you, even if you escape the murderer's steel!"

The ruffians, with the exception of the two acting as a guard to the prisoners, now went to the door, and the two began to pace to and fro like sentinels, but with their attention often directed to a point which I could not see from where I lay. A deep silence then prevailed, every one listening intently.

Presently were heard the dull, pattering sounds of the feet of a horse being urged to his greatest speed. The beast came nearer, the sounds grew louder, and our hearts beat faster.

Miss Sebastian said something sharp, commanding, and decisive, in Spanish, and then returned with a quick step, and seated herself on the bench from which Cora had risen, almost in front of me. There was a fixed and fearful determination on her beautiful face, which had the rigid, pallid look of marble; and as I gazed at her, I felt certain she was just the one to keep her oath, even though it should require her own hand to deal the murderous blows.

The horse now dashed up, there were some loud words, several voices speaking in quick, excited tones, the hurried trampling of many feet, and then the ruffians came back, following close on the heels of a tall, slender, black-haired, black-eyed, swarthy young man, whom I instantly recognized as one of the two fellows I had seen playing cards with Diego Gomez on the night of the murder of Edward Mason.

"In English, Lucio, that all may understand," said Miss Sebastian sternly, "for the fate of many here will depend upon your words. What of my father?"

"I did not get speech with him," answered the man, who spoke English very well, with only a slight foreign accent. "The fight was going on when I got in sight. I waited till I saw a sally made by a small party; which, after a fierce struggle, was overpowered, and all but one or two either killed or captured. Captain Guido was one of that party."

"Was my father killed, captured, or did he escape?" demanded Flora, with a dark frown and almost bloodless lips.

"He did not escape."

"Ha! killed?"

"Killed or captured—I think the latter."

She sprung to her feet, with the look of a furious Amazon, and glared around upon us.

"You hear!" she cried. "My father is in the hands of your friends. If *he* dies, *you* die!"

"Then why not let a messenger be sent to the Regulators, informing them of our capture and detention here, and the conditions on which we are held?" said I. "If your father be a prisoner in their hands, Miss Sebastian, I doubt not they will give him his liberty for the lives of Colonel Brandon's daughters."

"Yes, yes—that are's the thing—that are's the thing!" called out Caleb Stebbins, who had not before spoken since the threat of the outlaws. "Just let somebody go that can tell 'em all about it, and they'll be tarnal glad to swap prisoners, I tell you! I'll go, this minute, if you'll let me."

"My one sole wish is to save my father," said Flora to me, slowly rubbing one hand over the other, in a manner that denoted much internal emotion, "and I will do anything to accomplish it."

"I can do it—I swum, I can!" put in Caleb Stebbins, who was fairly trembling with the hope of liberation. "You see now, Miss Sebastian, it wants somebody that's got a great gift of gab, and that's me to a p'int. I'd put the hull thing afore Colonel Brandon in tew minutes, and talk it right into him, I would. Come! what d'you say neow? come!"

"You are sure my father was one of the party that made the sally, Lucio?" said Flora, addressing the Spaniard and taking no notice of the Yankee.

"I am sure, for I saw him!" was the positive answer.

"And you are also sure he did not escape?"

"I am."

"Was he mounted, or on foot?"

"Mounted. He and some eight or ten others, all mounted, came dashing out of the southern entrance, and broke through the line of Regulators that were guarding that point. They followed him, however, with wild shouts and a rapid discharge of fire-arms, and he was soon intercepted by a larger party, when a fierce fight ensued, and only two escaped. I only waited till I saw he was either killed or captured, and then I rode for my life to bring you the news."

"God help him! the saints help him!" groaned Flora, in great distress.

At this moment there came a wild shout from the sentries without, and Flora and the bandits rushed to the door.

"Ah, God of mercy!" we soon heard Flora exclaim; "it is my father! I should know him among a million by the way he sits his horse! He has escaped their clutches—he is heading this way—he will out-run his pursuers! But he does not know that I am here, and he may take another course at any moment. Quick, men! quick! for the love of all the holy saints! mount and ride to his assistance! Save him! save him! and bring him here, where his life shall hold with the lives of those as dear to them as his to me!"

There was bustling, and shouting, and the trampling of horses; and then a few minutes of breathless silence, broken only by the voice of Flora, as she urged on the men to the succor of her father.

"We may yet be saved, dear angel!" I whispered to Cora Brandon, as I pressed her little trembling hand; and her soft, blue eyes, looking sweetly into mine, were instantly filled with tears of hope and joy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Shakers.

[The English traveller, Hepworth Dixon, in his "New America," gives the following interesting account of the Shaker settlement at New Lebanon, New York. The Elder Frederick he alludes to, is said to be named Frederick W. Evans:—]

During the days which I have been spending at North House, the guest of Frederick and Antoinette, I have had every opportunity given to me of seeing and judging for myself the virtues and failings of the Shaker brethren. I have been eating their food, lodging in their chambers, driving in their carriages, talking with their elders, strolling over their orchards; I have been with them of a morning in the field, at noon by the table, at night in their meeting-rooms; watching them at their work, at their play, at their prayers; in short, living their life, and trying to comprehend the spirit which inspires it.

My room is painfully bright and clean. No Haarlem vrouw ever scraped her floor into such perfect neatness as my floor; nor could the wood of which it is made be matched in purity except in the heart of an uncut forest pine. A bed stands in the corner, with sheets and pillows of spotless white. A table on which lie an English Bible, some few Shaker tracts, an inkstand, a paper-knife; four cane chairs, arranged in angles; a piece of carpet by the bed-side; a spittoon in one corner, complete the furniture. A closet on one side of the room contains a second bed, a wash-stand, a jug of water, towels; and the whole apartment is light and airy, even for a frame house. The Shakers, who have no doctors among them, and smile at our Gentile ailments—headaches, fevers, colds, and what not—take a close and scientific care of their ventilation. Every building on Mount Lebanon—farm, granary, mill, and dwelling—is provided with shafts, fans, flappers, drafts and vents. The stairway is built as a funnel, the vane as an exhauster. Stoves of a special pattern warm the rooms in winter, with an adjustment delicate enough to keep the temperature for weeks within one degree of warmth. Fresh air is the Shaker medicine. "We have only had one case of fever in thirty-six years," says Antoinette; "and we are very much ashamed of ourselves for having had it; it was wholly our fault."

North House, the dwelling of Elder Frederick's family, has the same whiteness and brightness, the same order, the same articles in every room. Antoinette led me over it yesterday, from the fruit cellars to the roof, showing me the kitchens, the ladies' chambers, the laundries, the meeting-rooms, and the stoves. My friend, William Haywood (civil engineer to the City of London) and his wife, were with me; the engineer was no less smitten by surprise at the singular beauty and perfect success which the Shakers have attained in the art of ventilation, than the lady was charmed by the sweetness, purity and brightness of the corridors and rooms. Males and females dwell apart as to their rooms, though they eat at a common table, and lodge under a common roof. "How do you treat a man who comes into union with his wife and children—that sometimes happens?" Antoinette smiled, "Oh, yes! that happens pretty often; they fall into the order of brother and sister—and make very pretty Shakers." "But," said the lady, "they see each other?" "That is so," answered Antoinette; "they live in the same family; they become brother and sister. They do not cease to be man and woman; in forsaking each other, they only cease to be husband and wife." Some of these ladies who live under Frederick's roof in North House have husbands (as the world would call them) living close beside their rooms; but they would hold it to be a wickedness, perhaps a sin, to feel any personal happiness in each other's company. They live for God alone. The love that is in their hearts—so far as it is capable of bearing bounteous fruit—ought to be shed on each of the Saints alike, without preference on account of either quality or sex.

Is it always so? After this morning's early meal, Antoinette, who had come into my room, where Frederick and some of the Elders had already dropt in for a social chat in answer to some of my wondering worldly questions, told me, in the presence of four or five men, that she felt towards Frederick, her co-ruler of the house, a special and peculiar love, not as towards the man, and in the Gentile way; as she had heard of the world's doings in such matters, but as towards the child of grace and agent of the heavenly Father. She told me, also, that she had sweet and tender passages of love with many who were gone away out of sight—the beings whom we should call the dead—and that these passages of the spirit were of the same kind as those which she enjoyed with Frederick. The functions which these two persons exercise in the family, as male and female chiefs, give them the privilege of this close relation,—this wedlock of the soul, if I may use that phrase to express a sympathy which, not being of the world, has no worldly words to represent it.

The ladies usually sleep in pairs, two in a room; the men have separate rooms. One bed is made to slide beneath another, so that when the chamber is arranged for the day-time, there is ample space and a sense of air. Nothing in these apartments hints that the people who occupy them seek after an ascetic life. All the ladies have looking-glasses in their rooms, though they are sometimes told, in love, to guard their hearts against the abuse to which these vanities might lead. "Females," says Frederick, in his homely humor, "need to be steadied some." The dress of these ladies, though the rule is strict as to shape, is not confined to either a single color. On some of the pegs hang dresses of blue cotton, lawn stuff, white muslin; and even at church a good many of the ladies appear in lilac gowns, a color which becomes them well. "We leave the individual taste rather free," says Frederick; "we find out by trial what is best; and when we have found a good thing, either in a dress or in anything else, we stick to it."

These Shakers dine in silence. Brothers and sisters sit in a common room, at tables ranged in a line, a few feet apart. They eat at six in the morning, at noon, at six in the evening; following in this respect a rule which is all but uniform in America, especially in the western parts of this Continent from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. They rally to the sound of the bell; file into the eating-room in a single line, women going up to one end of the room, men to the other; when they drop on their knees, for a short and silent prayer; sit down, and eat, helping each other to the food. Not a word is spoken unless a brother need some help from a brother, a sister from a sister. A whisper serves. No one gossips with her neighbor; for every one is busy with her own affairs. Even the help that any one may need is given and taken without thanks; such forms of courtesy and politeness not being considered necessary in a family of saints. Elder Frederick sits at the end, not at the head, of one table. Eldress Antoinette at the other end. The food, though it is very good of its kind, and very well cooked, is simple; being wholly, or almost wholly, produce of the earth; tomatoes, roast apples, peaches, potatoes, squash, hominy, boiled corn, and the like. The grapes are excellent, reminding me of those of Bethlehem; and the eggs, hard eggs, boiled eggs, scrambled eggs, are delicious. The drink is water, milk, and tea. Then we have pies, tarts, candies, dried fruits, and syrups. For my own part, being a Gentile and a sinner, I have been indulged in cutlets, chickens, and home-made wine. "Good food and sweet air," says Frederick, "are our only medicines." The rosy flesh of his people, a tint but rarely seen in the United States, appears to answer very well for his assertion, that in such a place no other physic is required. These people say, they want no Cherokee medicines, no plantation bitters, no Bourbon cocktails, none of the thousand tonics by which the dyspeptic children of New York whip up their flagging appetites, and cleanse their impure blood. Frederick has a fierce antipathy to doctors. "Is it not strange," says he, "that you wise people of the world keep a set of men, who lie in wait for you until by some mistake of habit you fall sick, and who then come in, and poison you with drugs?" How can I reply to him except by a little laugh?

No words being spoken during meals, about twenty minutes serves them amply for repast. One minute more, and table is swept bare of dishes; the plates, the knives and forks, the napkins, the glass, are cleaned and polished, every article is returned to its proper place, and the sweet, soft sense of order is restored.

A man has little inducement to dally with the cherry wine; and as no cigar has ever been allowed to profane the precincts of North House, I rise after a cup of black coffee, and, joining a knot of Brethren, stroll into the fields.

Dropping with Frederick into the schools, the barns, the workshops, I have learned that the Shaker estate on and around Mount Lebanon consists of nearly 10,000 acres of the best woodland and lowland in the state of New York. For a long time, as lots fell into the market, the family has been buying land; but they have now got as much as they can cultivate; more, indeed, than they can cultivate by their own forces; and for some years past they have been compelled, by the extent of their family estates, to hire laborers from among the world's people in the villages about. As they are never angry, never peevish, never unjust (I have heard this said elsewhere, by men who hate their principles and traduce their worship,) Gentile laborers come to them very freely, and remain as long as they are allowed to stay. These smiths in the forge by the roadway, are World's people; that lad in the cart is a cottager's son; those fellows making hay in the meadow are Gentiles working on the Shaker lands. These laborers have come to Mount Lebanon to live and learn. They get a very fine schooling, and are paid for being at school. No other farming in America reaches the perfection that is here attained; and a clever young lad can hardly pass a season among these fields and farms without picking up good habits and useful hints.

But the chiefs of Mount Lebanon can see that this system of mixed labor, this throwing of the Saint and sinner into a common society, for the sake of gain, is foreign to the genius of their order. Such a system, if it were to grow upon them, would be hostile to their first conception of celestial industry; it would, in fact, by the operation of a natural law, degenerate into a feudal and commercial business, in which the Saints would be the bankers and proprietors, the sinners would be the laborers and serfs. That is not an end for which they have denied themselves so much. Even their wish to do good among the Gentiles must not lead them into what is wrong; and they are now considering whether it may not be wiser for them to part with all their surplus lands.

I need not say that any estate, which has been for some years under Shaker ploughs and spades, will sell in the market at what would otherwise be considered as a fancy price.

Climbing up the hill-road from the pretty valley of New Lebanon, I notice the fine rows of apple-trees growing in the hedges, after the English fashion in some counties. Elder Frederick, himself of English birth, is pleased to hear me speak of the old country. "Aye," says he; "this green lane, and these fruit-trees, carry me back to my old home." Americans of the higher class, when they are grave and tender, always speak of England by the name of Home. The trees in this lane are planted with care and skill; but I notice, not without curiosity, that in the midst of so much order, one apple-tree stands a little from the line. "How do you prevent the passers-by—the lane being a public highway—from snatching at the fruit and injuring your trees?" The Elder smiles; if the flush of light in his soft blue eyes can be called a smile. "Look at yon tree," says he, "a little in front of the rest; that is our sentinel; it bears a large, sweet apple, which ripens a fortnight before the others; and it is easy for every one to reach. Those who want an apple pluck one from its boughs, and leave the other trees untouched." Is it always true, that the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?

Every man among the brethren has a trade; some of them have two, even three or four trades. No one may be an idler, not even under the pretence of study, thought, and contemplation. Every one must take his part in the family business; it may be of farming, building, gardening, smith-work, painting; every one must follow his occupation, however high his rank and calling in the church. Frederick is a gardener and an architect. We have been out this afternoon seeing an orchard of apple-trees which he has planted, the great barn which he has built, and I have good grounds for concluding that this orchard, this barn, are the finest works of their kind in the United States. The Shakers believe in variety of labor, for variety of occupation is a source of pleasure, and pleasure is the portion meted out by an indulgent Father to his Saints.

The ladies at Mount Lebanon—all these sisters are ladies in speech, in manner, in garb—have no out-door work to perform; some are employed in the kitchen, some in waiting on others (duties which they take in turn a month for each course), some in weaving cloth, some in preserving fruit, some in distilling essences, some in making fans and knick-knacks. Maple syrup is an article for which they have a good demand; they make rose-water, cherry-water, peach-water; they sew, they sing, they teach children, and teach them very well. Their school is said to be one of the best for a good general education in New York state.

☞ An Irish servant being asked whether his master was within, replied, "No."

"When will he return?"

"Oh, when master gives orders to say that he is not at home, we never know when he will come in."

I might have been a common woman now,
And happier, less known, and less left alone,
Perhaps a better woman after all—
With chubby children hanging round my neck,
To keep me low and wise. Ah, me! the vines
That bear such fruit are proud to stoop with it—
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand!
—*Aurora Leigh.*

☞ The story of Whittier's intent to marry is officially contradicted.

☞ Robert Lincoln, son of the late President, appeared in court at Chicago last week, in his first case, and made a good impression.

☞ A Boston gentleman who had accumulated $75 in fractional currency, carried it to the Sub-Treasury to be redeemed, and on calling for it was surprised to find of this amount $25 was counterfeit. Another gentleman, who is an expert in such matters, handed in $1,700, and only 25 cents were thrown out.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher appears in a card explaining how it is that his sermons appear in the Independent, a paper with which he has no further connection. It seems a small surplus had accumulated in the office, which he did not think he had a right to control. That "small surplus" lasts an amazingly long time.

☞ Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly until they are engaged.

☞ It is said that some wine merchant, having persecuted Lord Derby into tasting a wine, claret or sherry, which was to keep off the gout, got his reply: "I have tasted your wine, and I prefer the gout."

☞ An observer of the latest fashions suggests that a postage stamp with four large ribbons, would make a jaunty lady's bonnet.

☞ John Neal has written to the Portland Press a letter opposing the prohibitory liquor law. He says its effects in Maine have been demoralising, and it has increased the sale of liquors clandestinely.

☞ The Japanese Ambassadors in Paris eat five meals a day, and go to bed drunk every night. So says the Paris papers.

☞ An English paper says Longfellow stole the thought expressed in the line, "Footprints on the sands of Time," and gives the following remark of Napoleon as its origin:

It is melancholy to see the time passing away without being put to its full value. Surely in a matter of this kind we should endeavor to do something, that we may say that we have lived; that we have not lived in vain, that we may leave some impress of ourselves on the sands of time.

☞ They are enjoying a tremendous sensation in Liverpool, England, where a youth of seventeen, disguised as a young lady, has, by the connivance of the lady principal teacher, been residing for a year past in a fashionable girls' boarding-school, patronized exclusively by the aristocracy.

☞ Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, which was sold a few years ago for $60,000, was re-sold a few months since for $30,000, and now is offered by auction in New York next week, with a private bid pending of $50,000. Good paintings are generally good investments.

☞ Gen. Grant's Poetry.—While General Grant was still obscure, and residing in Georgetown, Ohio, he was acquainted with Miss Mary King, and wrote some poetry in her album, which made Mrs. Grant recently complain that he never wrote any in hers.

☞ Nathaniel Fullerton, of Chester, Va., is the oldest Mason in the United States, having taken his first degree in 1796.

☞ A Big Family.—A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was, "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters." "Mercy!" replied the interrogator, "she a family ye mean have."

☞ At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

☞ English farmers estimate that 150 pounds of roots fed to cattle will make one pound of meat.

☞ Coin.—The gold coin of the United States is thus formed: Gold, ninety parts; silver, two and a half; copper, seven and a half. The silver coin is thus composed: silver, ninety parts; copper, ten.

☞ Two young ladies in San Francisco, the other day, in crossing a street in opposite directions, happened to meet face to face, and as it was very muddy on both sides of the crossing, neither would turn out of the way, but stood glaring at each other for about a quarter of an hour. During that time a crowd of about three or four hundred people assembled, the street was blocked up, and traffic had to come to a stand-still. The females were young and well dressed, and looked as if they ought to have had better ideas of propriety than they exhibited. The crowd hooted and jeered, and appeared to enjoy the scene amazingly. At length a policeman came along and compelled one of them to take the right, "as the law directs." The look of concentrated hate given by the party who had to step off the walk is said to have been indescribable.

☞ A Nice Distinction.—The Bishop of Richmond allows potatoes to be fried in lard, but not in butter, during lent.

Canary Birds.

Many a person has seen a pet canary or other bird in a state of perturbation, plucking at himself continually, his feathers standing all wrong. In vain is his food changed, and in vain is a saucer of clean water always kept in his cage. The cause of his wretchedness has not been found out. If the owner of a pet in such difficulties will take down the cage and look up to the roof thereof, there will most likely be seen a mass of stuff like red rust. That red rust is nothing more or less than myriads of parasites infesting the bird, and for which water is no remedy. By procuring a lighted candle and holding it under every particle of the top of the cage till all chance of anything being left alive is gone, the remedy is complete. The pet will soon brighten up again after his "house warming."

☞ The "Fat Contributor" writes from Jackson to the Cincinnati Times of a joke played on some delegates to the Good Templars' Convention held there recently. They got into an omnibus at the depot, and told the driver to drive them to a temperance house. "All right," said he, and away he drove. He gave them a pretty long ride, and hauled up finally in front of an immense stone structure surrounded by a high wall. "What hotel is this?" inquired a delegate, eyeing the premises in a bewildered manner. "Michigan State Prison," said the driver; "the only temperance house in Jackson." They concluded not to put up there; not if they could help it.

The monument of General Israel Putnam, one of the greatest heroes of the Revolution, is a standing proof that "republics are ungrateful." He lies buried in Brookline, Ct.; but there is some danger that the locality of the grave will soon be forgotten, unless some steps be taken to protect it. The stones of the monument are scattered about the ground, and are being broken up and carried away by tourists, while the tablet which contains the inscription is kept in a store in the neighborhood.

☞ In Judge Spence's court, at Lynchburg, Va., a few days ago, Capt. Don P. Halsey, in behalf of certain negro clients of his who had been sentenced to imprisonment in jail for various petty offences, moved that the sentence of the court be commuted to public whipping. Two of the negroes were men whose families depended upon their labor, and were suffering while they were kept in durance. These persons, therefore, desired to be flogged and set at large. The court refused the motion, on the ground that there was no legal authority or precedent to justify such action.

☞ A Louisiana paper says, "Four men were murdered here last night, and it wasn't considered good weather for killing either."

☞ Thirteen lines of European travel are advertised in the New York papers.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar2-eowtf

Holloway's Ointment will cure the worst cases of chapped and cracked lips and hands in one night, producing a soft ripe color in the lips that nothing else will give. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market is less active. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls, including 600 bbls Northwest family at $11,50@13,25; 300 bbls of California at $15@15,50 ℔ bbl, and 5000 bbls at from $8,25@9 for superfine; $9,50@10,50 for extra; $12@13,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $12@14,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@18 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells in small lots at $7 25@7,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market is very poorly supplied with prime Wheat. Sales of 3000 bus choice Penna red at $3,20, and 2000 bus California at $3,20. Rye; sales of 800 bus Western at $1,45. Corn; sales of 9000 bus new yellow at $1,07@1,12. Oats; sales of 1000 bus Penna at 68c.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited. Small sales are making at $23,50@24 ℔ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@18c ℔ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 14@14½c for pickled do, and 9½@9½c ℔ lb for salt Shoulders. Mess Beef—We quote western at $17@20, and city packed at $22,50@23 ℔ bbl. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42 ℔ bbl. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 13@13½c ℔ lb, and kegs at 14@15c. Butter—Small sales are making at 16@27c for roll, and 10@18c ℔ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 17@19c ℔ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 23@25c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—There has been a fair business doing. About 300 bales of middlings sold in lots at 31@31½c for uplands, and 32@32½c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $37 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales Yellow at 36@38½c ℔ lb.

COAL—We quote white ash at $4,50@5, and red ash at $4 75@5,25 ℔ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of prime western at 83@85c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern are recorded at 8½@9c, and 8@9½c for Western. Dried Peaches range at 15@16½c for halves, 13@14c for quarters, and 25@37c for pared.

HAY—Best quality Timothy Hay sells at $2@2,35 ℔ 100 lbs, and Straw at $1,60@1,70.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—4000 bus sold at $9@9,50 for fair, and $10,@10,50 ℔ bus for good to prime. Timothy—600 bus sold at from $3,25@3,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed—Sales are making at from $2,90@3 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at $2,70@2,75 ℔ gallon.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at 11@11½c., and country at 10½@10¾ ℔ lb.

WOOL—Holders continue firm in their views. About 90,000 pounds sold at 54@56c for double extra; 60@62c for extra; 58@61c for fine; 51@55c for medium; 45@51c for coarse; 55@58c for good tub washed, 45@48c for inferior do; 45@49c for extra Western pulled, and 32@40c ℔ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from 17@18½ cts ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ℔ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 9@9½ cts ℔ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $11,00@12 00 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. William H. Montgomery to Miss Cleara C. Downing, both of this city.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. David T. Ransom to Miss Mary M. Echternkine, both of this city.

On the 27th of Jan., by the Rev. W. P. Robinson, Mr. George D. Minteer to Miss Eliza S. Horn, both of this city.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. George S. Kennedy to Miss Annie M. L. Bratton, daughter of Ezra E. Bratton, Esq.

On the 21st of March, by the Rev. Jas. M. Crowell, Mr. S. Parker Whipple to Miss Ida Palmer, daughter of Jas. W. Palmer, Esq., both of this city.

On the 21st of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Wilder, Mr. William L. Bratton to Miss Emma G. Hey, daughter of David Hey, Esq.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of March, William H. Spond, in his 27th year.

On the 25th of March, William A. Murray, in his 54th year.

On the 26th of March, George W. Letzinger, aged 49 years.

On the 26th of March, D. Gunrow Hancock, aged 30 years.

On the 24th of March, Margaret Harman, in her 80th year.

On the 24th of March, Margaret Christy, in her 81st year.

On the 23d of March, Mrs. Isabella Kerr, aged 75 years.

On the 22d of March, Francis Rutledge, in his 54th year.

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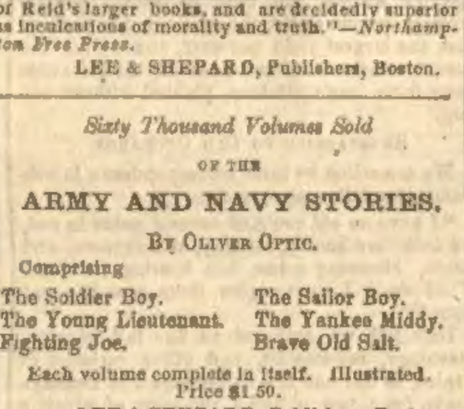

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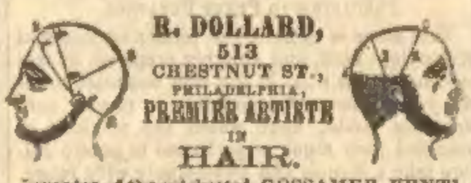
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WIT AND HUMOR.

Runaway Horses.

The Fat Contributor throws off the following remarks upon runaway horses; and while we question the possibility of his having had any experience in that line, because of the utter inability of any steed to run away with his too solid flesh, we give his contribution as embodying some wise suggestions:—

It is as natural for some horses to run away as it is for a Kentucky girl, when she wants to get married, and it isn't always the result of native viciousness in the one case, any more than it is in the other. Fact is, horses like to run—they were built for it—and when there is nothing particular to scare them into it, they will often get up a scare on their own hook, just for the fun of the thing. They have various ways of running away. Some run away on a run, some on a gallop, and some on a trot. When they run on a walk, it is generally on the *sidewalk*. Some run away under the saddle, some in harness, and many *run away* to nothing but a mere shadow.

Some will only run for money; others will only run for home. Running away is a habit usually acquired when the horse is young, although we have known horses whose early days were free from such viciousness take it up in their old age, when they are very liable to "run it in the ground."

A runaway is very exciting, particularly to the individual who is being run away with. There is an exhilarating sense of being jerked about without touching anything in particular; a sense of seeing men scatter before you to get out of the way; a sense of hearing them yell "whoa!" behind you as you dash on; a sense of stopping suddenly—and then you haven't got any more [illegible].

The expedients that have been resorted to for breaking a horse of this habit are numerous. Whipping has been tried with only partial success. He has been hitched by the side of another horse, and run away with the other horse. Anchors have been rigged to the wagon to be cast out when the horse started to run, stopping almost everything except the horse.

A man whom we once knew, claimed that kindness was all that was required to cure any horse of running, no matter how long it had run. "Only prove to your horse that you have confidence in him," said he, "and the native generosity of his disposition will overcome all desire to run away."

Some of his neighbors being incredulous about it, brought him a horse that would run away three hundred and sixty-five times and six hours in one year, if he had an opportunity. They wanted him to try his system on him, which he accordingly did. He hitched him to a buggy, conversing pleasantly upon every-day topics meanwhile, and then to show the quadruped what confidence he had in him, got in to drive without any reins.

"Here, gentlemen," said he, "I am about to give you an illustration of the effects which kindness and a display of confidence will have upon the horse. Once convince him that you are his friend, and that you confide in him, and he will respond with the gratitude of a child. You will perceive that at a word from me he will do as I require."

Then, in mild, soothing tones, that fairly overflowed with kindness to animals, he begged the privilege of seeing him move. And he did. The horse gave a bound, struck into a run, and was out of sight in a minute. Nothing has been seen of the horse or his trainer since.

We never knew a horse yet that had the habit of running away securely fastened upon him—and once will fasten it secure enough—to be ever satisfactorily cured except by death. Men who have doubted this, and given the horse a second trial, have had the trial go against them with costs.

A Pickled Baby.

A little four-year old, living in a neighboring ward, has a habit of getting into babyhood scrapes every day. At one time he tips over the work-box, and then down come all the multifarious "fixins" of the women folks; this done, he climbs into the wash-tub, gets wet, and bawls out furiously until mamma runs to get her "darlin' baby" out of the muss, which is no sooner done than the young rascal pulls the cat all round the room by the tail, making poor pussy mew in the most agonizing manner. But "mamma's little pet" got into a very bad scrape the other day, whereby he got badly pickled. Having made his way to the pantry, and observing a large jar of pickles, the little fellow thought he would have at least what big folks call a square meal, so in went the head in the jar of pickles, but out the head couldn't get, and as a consequence, the "darlin'" set up a very lively and interesting noise, which attracted the frightened mother, who found the young hopeful just in the fix described. Amid screams and cries, the jar had to be broken before the baby's head could be extricated, which having been done, "Little Pickle," as he is now called, east sly looks at his ma, and then at the pickles, exclaiming,—

"O, mamma, I's never doin' to det pickled aden."

He Waded.

It was election day, and Grimes, having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of about as much old rye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way to their homes. They had to cross the Brandywine Creek by a footbridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and hewn flat on the upper side, but without any handy-rail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt to be not devoid of difficulties "under existing circumstances." However, the creek must be crossed. Grimes's two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes's turn to face the music, and, making a bold start, he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about up to his breast, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade!"

☞ An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said: "Get your life insured for ten thousand, and then, if you die next week, the widder's heart will sing for joy."

A DECIDED OPINION.

Unpleasant Boy (whose Christmas vacation has been unnecessarily prolonged).—"Oh, my cracky! Here's a jolly piece they've got at the Adelphi!—'The Sister's Penance!' I wonder what *that* is?"

Elder Sister.—"A brother home for the holidays, *I* should say!"

Looking at the Bright Side.

Here is a letter from a wife in Massachusetts to her husband in California. She don't intend going through the world with the blues:

My Dear Husband—As it is now some time since you left for California, I suppose you would be glad to hear how we are getting along in your absence. I am happy to say we are enjoying very good health on the whole. Just at present two of the boys have got the small pox, Amanda Jane has got the typus fever, Betsy is down with the measles, Samuel got hooked by a cow the other day, and little Peter has just chopped off three of his fingers with a hatchet. It is a mercy he didn't chop them all off. With these trifling exceptions we are all well and getting along nicely. You needn't be at all anxious about us. I almost forgot to say that Sarah Matilda eloped last week with a tin peddler. Poor girl! She's been waiting for a chance, and I'm glad she's married at last. She needn't have taken the trouble to elope though, for I'm sure I was glad enough to have her go. She was a great eater, and I find baked beans don't go off near so fast as they did. The way that girl would dip into pork and beans was a caution to the rest of the family. The cow took it into her head to run away, which was very fortunate, I am sure, for the barn caught fire last night and was consumed. I was in hopes that the house would go too, for it's inconvenient; but the wind was the wrong way, so it didn't receive much injury. Some boys broke into the orchard the other day and stripped all the fruit trees. I am very glad of it, for if they hadn't I presume the children would have made themselves ill.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Preparing to Plant Potatoes.

First move is to have the fertilizing material of the right kind, and suitably prepared in due season. As to what is the best manurial material for potatoes, the question is one of considerable doubt, upon which the opinions of practical men much experienced in potato culture take a diverse and exceedingly wide range. Good barn-yard manure, plenty of it and properly applied, will undoubtedly, under favorable conditions, bring satisfactory potato crops; but taking into consideration the modern delicacy of the tuber's constitution, its liability to rot and tendency to disease, we should prefer some more concentrated fertiliser, something that while acting directly as assimilated plant food, should act at the same time as a general tonic. For this purpose one of the manufactured phosphates, *Baugh's*, for instance, with wood ashes and lime, if that material were wanting in the soil, would be the manurial elements we would use, in conjunction with stable manure, the latter to be in all cases thoroughly rotted. The lime, if used, and ashes to be sown over the surface of the stable manure as it lies in the yard or heap, shovelled into the cart with it, the whole well distributed in the field, and ploughed under as early as the soil is in fit condition to work, the phosphate reserved, to be used as a special fertilizer in the hill at the time of planting.

We have made several personal experiments, and within the past four years close inquiries of several hundred potato planters, the result of which is a decided opinion that selecting small potatoes or cutting large ones in pieces for seed is an error that ought to be universally repudiated. Besides the testimony of facts that we have found in every instance, other conditions being equal, the largest yield from fair sized tubers planted whole, philosophy and common sense come in as strong auxiliary testimony in favor of the practice of planting large potatoes without cutting.

In saving all other seeds we are careful to select the biggest and best. Why should we make small potatoes an exception to a rule otherwise universal? If there can be a sound philosophical argument adduced in support of the practice, we should be pleased to have it before the public. The probability is that the practice of planting small potatoes came originally from a greed of selling or eating every potato worth selling or eating, and saving for seed what no one would buy and the housewife would not be bothered with cooking; and so gradually it became a custom too popular for the good of the potato or planter.

As for cutting seed potatoes into chips, the practice has less reason to support it than the other. The eyes of all potatoes run inwards, or rather outwards from the centre, so that cutting the tuber in any direction must of necessity weaken the vitality of every germ divided by the knife, and consequently there must be a less vigorous growth, smaller potatoes and fewer in a hill than where whole, fair sized tubers are planted.

Potato planting and culture is so generally and well understood by the large majority of American farmers, that teaching in that direction would be superfluous. Our object is simply to remind our farmer friends that in order to secure satisfactory yields of large, sound potatoes, discretion must be practiced in the selection and application of manures, preparations for planting made early, and finally to once more assure them that during our four years of investigation among the most successful potato-growers in four states, the testimony is positive that the largest yield per acre, and by far the best, even-sized tubers have in all instances come from large potatoes, planted without cutting.

Re-establishing Old Orchards.

We are asked by three correspondents, in substance, the following question:

"I have an old orchard several years in sod, the trees are knotty, scraggy, moss-grown, and feeble, blooming some, but bearing no fruit. What shall I do to give them new life and vigor?"

Last fall we gathered as fine fall pippins, greenings, red-streaks, and other varieties of apples, as fair and fine as ever grew in Pennsylvania, from two orchards, the trees of which a few years since were in the same sickly, barren condition as those our present correspondents complain of. Six years ago we gave the proprietors of those two superannuated orchards the same advice verbally that we are now going to give our three friends, and as many besides as shall chance to cast an eye on this side of the Post. Before repeating our "process verbal" however, it is well enough to report that the suggestions made in relation to the two old orchards in question having been followed faithfully by the proprietors, four seasons of full bearing, with one of new fruit in several varieties, and the old gnarled moss-grown trees rejuvenated and looking young, vigorous, and good for twenty years of bearing service yet, has been the satisfactory result.

First work to be done is to go at the old apple invalids at once, with a saw and sharp knife. Head in pretty close every long, straggling branch, lop off every knotty, crabbed, diseased and dead one, cutting away on an average half the top of each tree, taking care to cut clean—never to break, split or mangle in the surgery, and exercise common sense in cutting the reduced top into a compact form as comely as you can.

The pruning accomplished, take to the trees with a scraper, digging off all the rough, ragged bark and moss, taking care not to mar the inner smooth bark. After the scraping give the trees a thorough scrubbing down with strong soap-suds, made stronger with unleached wood ashes put in so plentifully as to thicken the soap-suds into a thin mush. Scrub down the trunks and larger branches as high as they can be reached with a long handled white-wash brush.

Having finished up the trees in this manner, the next thing to be done is to haul out such common coarse stable manure as is not quite suitable to use for ordinary field crops, spreading it evenly over the surface, giving a space about the trees a dressing of better material, such as some rich compost; and a liberal sprinkling about them of wood ashes, refuse, salt, and lime, in equal proportions, say a bushel to each tree, will be a special blessing.

Break up the ground, ploughing deep, as soon as it is dry enough, plough the second time across shallow—sow corn—the sugar sort if to be had—broadcast pretty thick, and as early as the absence of frost will permit, scratching and digging it well in among the roots, close up to the trunks of the trees.

Thus may be obtained a crop of from five to six tons to the acre of capital corn fodder, very nearly equal to hay either fed green or cured and housed for winter feeding. This crop will come off in July, when you may put in, and get a full crop of buckwheat, the two crops paying four-fold all the expense bestowed upon the orchard and field together.

The second spring set in grafts of best kinds of apples on the trees, seed the field to oats, and the work of renovation is complete. After oats it will be a good plan to put the orchard in with turnips, following them with spring wheat sown early, and seeding with it orchard grass and clover, remembering always to cultivate every time well among the roots, and close in to the trunks of the trees.

A Few Garden Hints.

Rake off and fork up asparagus beds just as early as the weather will permit. Remember that a composition of ashes, refuse salt, bone dust, and good rich loam applied to the surface and forked in early will improve asparagus wonderfully.

Cucumbers may be had two weeks earlier than usual by planting seeds in blocks of singed turf, placing the blocks in a box of earth, keeping them in a warm room when too cold for them out doors, setting them out in all warm, pleasant weather, and as soon as danger from frost is past put the blocks into position in the soil, pinch back the runners, cultivate frequently, and get paid in early cucumbers.

Put in a few rows of early peas, and sow in warm, sunny, sheltered borders lettuce, and radishes as soon as the frost leaves the ground. Have cabbage plants and onion sets ready to go in the ground as soon as it can be done safely. Spade up deep and manure well a few feet of ground for two or three dozen hills of very earliest potatoes. Scratch around, clean and dress up comfortably the rhubarb bed. Wishing to multiply currant and gooseberry stock, cut canes of last year's growth and thrust the butts down into the soil about four inches, nearly every cane will grow.

Gathered Grains.

——If grass comes green as looked for, about the 10th of April, there will be more hay in all the midland regions east of the Alleghanies left to summer over than there has been before these ten years.

——So far, up to March 25th, fruit of all sorts in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania East, and Jersey West, all right; and for all small fruits and berries, the prospect was never so full of pleasant promises.

——Somebody is going to try Canadian field pea culture—five acres' worth, in Pennsylvania. Somebody else ought to have made the trial forty years ago, and by this time pea growing would have been as common in Pennsylvania as Canada, and probably as profitable.

——We report wheat in all this range, with here and there an exception, looking as promising as wheat ever did anywhere at this season.

——Farmers, so far as heard from in Delaware, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, have determined to plant one-quarter more corn this year than they did last.

——Fruit trees of all descriptions have been in such demand for spring planting, that a good many nurserymen are out of stock.

——Good plums are likely to be more plentiful this year than we have ever before had them. That is our positive prediction.

RECEIPTS.

To Boil Salmon.—Cut off the head and a very small tail of the salmon, cut the rest of it into slices about an inch and a-half in thickness; make the water perfectly boiling, and put in the fish, with a large handful of salt, cover it and let it boil quickly for twenty minutes; dish it, with the head in the centre and the tail in its mouth, the slices put round and garnished with parsley. For sauce, serve up melted butter, and also some of the water the salmon was boiled in.

A Mumbled Egg.—Break a fresh egg into a small saucepan, add about an ounce of fresh butter and a little salt; stir it on the fire very quickly for five minutes, but keep stirring all the time; serve up on a slice of thin dry toast as hot as possible.

Fish and Sauce.—Take four middle-sized haddocks, boil one of them with the heads of the others for stock, strain it, and thicken gradually with a little flour and butter; cut the remaining three haddocks into three or four pieces each, skin them, and boil in the stock till sufficiently done, adding a little minced parsley, then beat very well two eggs, and add to them half-a-pint of good milk, pour the boiling soup on this, mixing it all carefully, and serve up the pieces of fish in the soup. It ought to be about the thickness of cream.

To Make Veal Cake.—Take the best end of a breast of veal, bone and cut it into three pieces; take the yolks of eight eggs boiled hard, and slice the whites, the yolks to cut through the middle, two anchovies, a good deal of parsley chopped fine, and some lean ham cut in thin slices; all these to be well seasoned separately with cayenne, black pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg; have ready a mug the size of the intended cake, with a little butter rubbed on it, put a layer of veal on the bottom, then a layer of egg and parsley, and ham to fancy; repeat till all is in, lay the bones on the top and let it be baked three or four hours; then take off the bones and press down the cake till quite cold. The mug must be dipped in warm water and the cake turned out with great care, that the jelly may not be broken which hangs round it.

Apples Meringuee.—Apples are peeled, cored, seeded. Put them in a saucepan with a tablespoon of water, three tablespoons of sugar, and stick of cinnamon. When the apples are done mash them through a colander, and dish. Three whites of eggs beaten to stiff froth. Mix in one tablespoon of sugar spread over the apples. Set in the oven a short time to glaze.

To Clean Flint Glass Bottles, Decanters, &c, &c.—Roll up, in small pieces, some whitey-brown or blotting-paper; then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel, with a little luke-warm water; shake them well for a few minutes; then rinse the glass with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new from the shops.

A Black Varnish for Old Straw or Chip Hats.—Take of best black sealing-wax, ½ oz.; rectified spirit of wine, 2 oz.; powder the sealing-wax, and put it with the spirit of wine into a 4 oz. phial; digest them in a sand-heat, or near a fire, till the wax is dissolved; lay it on warm with a fine soft hair-brush, before a fire or in the sun. It gives a good stiffness to old straw hats, and a beautiful gloss equal to new, and resists wet.

Contributed Receipt.

I have been a constant reader of The Post for a number of years, and always read the receipts with interest. I have one, I think, everybody ought to know, it is for scalds and burns. Take raw onions and pound or mash as fine as possible, and apply at once, it will give immediate relief. I have known it applied in severe cases with great success. E. M. T.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 1, 8, 41, 19, is a county in Iowa.
My 41, 3, 18, 10, 23, 39, is a river in the British isles.
My 6, 18, 22, 28, is a lake in North America.
My 14, 43, 21, 49, 53, is a distinguished General.
My 17, 22, 38, 13, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 47, 30, 36, 52, 24, 46, is a city in Massachusetts.
My 14, 4, 7, 11, is a mineral.
My 2, 5, 18, 45, 50, is a lake in North America.
My 16, 35, 46, 49, 40, 44, 29, 42, 45, is one of the United States.
My 9, 43, 8, 32, 15, is a cape of the British isles.
My 31, 37, 21, 33, is one of the territories.
My 25, 4, 18, 20, is the headquarters for soldiers.
My 34, 45, 43, 26, 27, is a county in Iowa.
My 14, 51, 50, 3, 18, 21, 7, is a military title.
My 6, 43, 24, 39, is a city in New York.
My 38, 3, 40, 20, 24, 50, is a town in Wisconsin.
My whole is a contributor to the Post and one of his stories. LOUIE.
Dubuque.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first will destroy life.
My second is a pronoun.
My third is a human being.
My fourth is a species of bird.
My fifth is a rank.
My whole is a mountain in Africa.
W. H. MORROW.

Anagram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Goman eth slaptiful ni ron yaw
Eth tebs fo su lawk lyndbll;
Os nam, eb yawr, chawt dan yarp,
Dan dejug ryou roberth dinkyl.
HAWKEYE.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of three numbers is 24, and the sum of their squares is 198. Required—the numbers when the sum of their one-hundredth powers is a maximum.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the area of the space included between three (equal) circles, the diameter being 5 feet and the cord of the arc 2 feet.
Brooklyn. PATRICK L. ERMON.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are cats like surgeons? Ans.—Because they mew-till-late and destroy patients.

☞ Why is the heart of a lover like a sea-serpent? Ans.—Because it is a secreter (sea creeur) of great sighs (size.)

☞ Why is a man who hesitates to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Ans.—Because he don't know whether to give up the jug-or-not.

☞ Why is a person who dislikes writing like an inmate of Greenwich Hospital? Ans.—Because he is a pensioner (pen-shunner.)

☞ Why is a marriage certificate like an article the public cannot do without? Ans.—Because it is a *noose paper*.

☞ Why is molasses remarkable when it boils? Ans.—Because it is syrup-rising (surprising.)

Answers to Last.

SHAKSPEREAN REBUS—Troilus and Cressida. (Talbot, Romeo, Oberon, Iris, Laertes, Ursula, Slender, Antonio, Nym, Dromio, Cornelus, Rosse, Elinor, Sebastian, Salanio, Iago, Demetrious, Alcibiades.) CHARADE—Magnolia. (Mag-no-lie-a.)

Living in Hope.

I called and spent a night with an old acquaintance that I had not seen for many years. He was a sexton, and dug graves for those who died in the village. It was a seaport, and the oldest son of my friend was a sailmaker, while the youngest son kept a small harness-shop, mainly for the purpose of accommodating a few farmers who traded at the village. In the course of the evening, I inquired how the world had used my acquaintance, and whether he managed to make the two ends meet. "It's hard work," he said; "the 'Yard' has been doing nothing almost all summer. I never knew a healthier season. It would seem as if no more were going to die. But then," he added, "we rub along in the hopes of better times."

The sailmaker remarked, "All kinds of business is dull; I have not had much more than half work for a month, but I'm in hopes the heavy blow of the last two or three days will send in a few torn sails." Just at this moment the harness-maker came in and told his father that Farmer Stubb's horse had run away and smashed the harness all to pieces. "That's a job for you," said the old man, with something like glee, and added,—"Have you heard whether Squire Anderson is likely to live?" "It is thought," replied the son, "that he cannot live beyond a day or two." "Well," said the father, "I suppose we must all die some time. The squire has got a nice burial lot; only it's a little hard digging; but his folks won't mind paying a little extra."

I only stayed one night with this amiable family. I left by the first train in the morning, deeply impressed with the sentiment of the old saw, "It's an ill wind," etc.

The Marriage of Blood Relatives.—In a recent report to the Kentucky Legislature the Commissioners of the Kentucky Institution for the education and training of feeble-minded children, make a vigorous protest against the intermarriage of persons nearly related. It is stated that the charitable institutions of the state are filled with the offsprings of those marriages, and that every interest of humanity and religion demand the legal prevention of marriages between blood relations.